WEEK ENDING DEC. 19 1925

5¢

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

The **MOST ANXIOUS MOMENTS** *in a* **WOMAN'S LIFE** *By* **Sophie Kerr**

A Delightful Delay

It's worth being late for—a cake like this. What a gift for the appetite! What real zest it adds to the Yule-tide meal! Back in 1889 many housewives used

CALUMET

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BAKING POWDER

when they baked their Christmas cakes. Today their daughters are using the same dependable leavener—so are millions of other women. And the reasons are apparent—economy—unfailing results—the two big causes for Calumet being called the preferred leavener of the nation.

Use it when you bake the Christmas cake and continue using it throughout the coming year because for light, perfectly baked and always nutritious foods it has no rival. Every ingredient used is officially approved by the U. S. Food Authorities.

Sales 2½ Times Those of Any Other Brand

COTY

PRESENTS HIS SUPREME PERFUMES FOR SUBTLY UNDERSTANDING GIFTS THAT REVEAL IN MYSTIC FRAGRANCE THE MAGNETIC PERSONALITY BESTOWED BY THE MONTH OF BIRTH

JANUARY

Brilliant, original—before whom the heart swings as a censer—changeful—gay and sad without reason—ever aspiring — the fragrances of January's daughters are Chypre—Styx—Muguet—Iris.

FEBRUARY

Sensitive, sincere —limitless possibilities for strength and weakness, with depths of love unexpressed, — exquisite in taste—builders of home and happiness — for them Emeraude—Violette Pourpre—Lilas Blanc—L'Origan.

MARCH

Dominant in will, brilliant in mind, that which they desire, they will attain—ever independent, their charm is rare individuality—magnetic power to attract, expressed in Emeraude—L'Ambre Antique—Styx—L'Or.

APRIL

Daughters of laughter and tears, whimsical, changeful, swayed by the senses, yet true and generous with those they love, exquisite taste, gleaming wit—theirs is Parfum Paris—Lilas Pourpre—L'Effleurt — L'Ambreine.

MAY

Dual in character—ever aspiring and earthward turned—noble desires struggling with life,—impatient of criticism, capricious, but of deep sympathies—their magnetism is accented in Parfum Paris —La Rose Jacqueminot — Heliotrope.

JUNE

Unrest of spirit and body—ever seeking unknowable things—given to the dangerous sweetness of drifting and dreaming—impulsive, inconstant, brilliant, witty — for them Jasmin de Corse—Muguet—La Rose Jacqueminot and L'Origan.

JULY

Ardent and impetuous — gifted with words to sway men, power to inspire magnetism, and delicate intuition. Loving life, luxury, beauty, theirs are the fragrances of Paris—L'Oeillet "France"—La Rose Jacqueminot.

AUGUST

Individuality—the beauty of noble ideals—deeply emotional and flaming to anger, inspiring to others but following their own will—generous yet changeable — for them — Emeraude — L'Effleurt—Violette Pourpre — Lilas Blanc.

Coty's supreme perfumes are in two ounce flacons as illustrated and purse sizes of one ounce, half ounce and quarter ounce

SEPTEMBER

Secretive and mysterious—strong to like and dislike —dominant will, the serene calm of power — fastidious, magnetic, with imperishable youth and deep love of nature —theirs are L'Origan—Styx —Jasmin de Corse—Chypre.

OCTOBER

Fascinating, reckless, with the divine gift of enthusiasm —joying to cast the die with chance — generous, talented —prodigal hands, hearts gay but inconstant reflected in L'Ambre Antique—L'Origan —L'Oeillet "France".

NOVEMBER

Of rare poise, keen will—wielding an influence on all, loving luxury, exquisite apparel, artistic surroundings—demanding attention, but of great courage and originality — for November born are Emeraude—La Jacinthe —L'Or—Paris.

DECEMBER

Swift to think and to do—volatile, impulsive, wholly individual, gifted for music or art—sensitive to praise or blame—drawing the love of others and loving with deep intensity—theirs are Chypre—L'Ambreine—Styx—L'Origan.

COTY INC., 714 Fifth Avenue, New York CANADA — 55 McGill College Ave, Montreal

A Christmas Gift Worth Having

24 BARS IN A KEEPSAKE CEDAR CHEST

A Christmas Gift worth giving—and having! 24 bars of the famous Curtiss Baby Ruth candy bars encased in a beautiful Keepsake Cedar Chest, made from genuine aromatic red Tennessee cedar, with piano finish and artistically embossed with copper trimmings. These beautiful chests made especially for us by Donald F. Duncan, Chicago, Ill.

Baby Ruth—America's finest candy bar—will give pleasure to all the family through the holidays, while the Keepsake Chest will be a useful delight for years and years. Ask for Curtiss Baby Ruth Keepsake Cedar Chest, full of Baby Ruth candy, at any candy shop.

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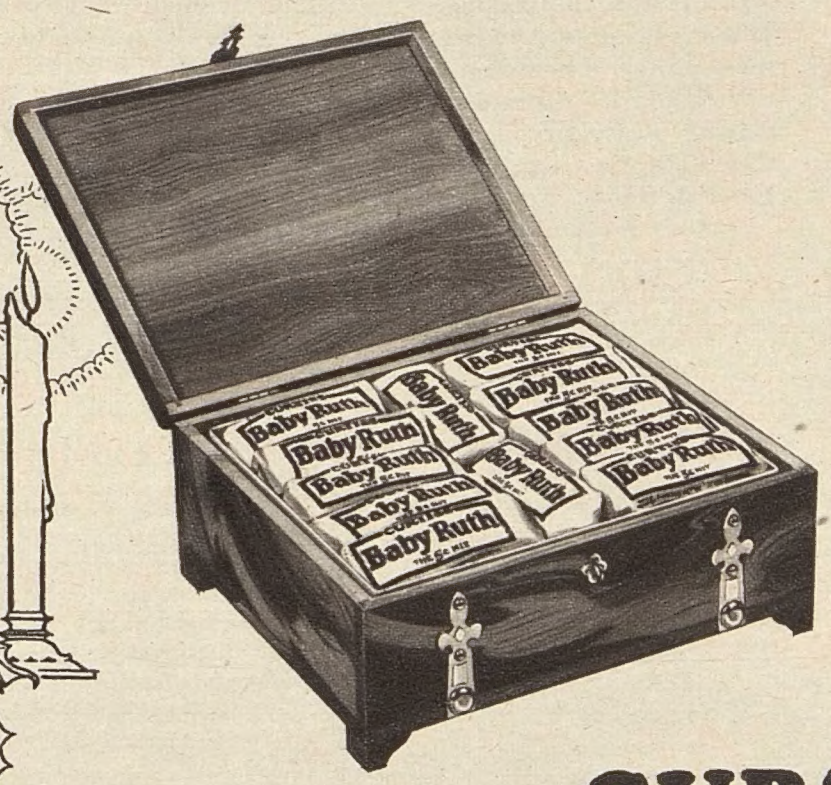
Chicago *New York*

At All Candy Stores



More Than 3 lbs. of Candy

Just think of this goodness and utility for only $3.00. A genuine Cedar Chest—10 3/8″ long, 8 1/2″ wide and 4″ deep—filled to the brim with the purest and most delicious candy you ever tasted.

CURTISS
Baby Ruth
Keepsake Cedar Chest

$3.00 Wherever Candy Is Sold

[Conservative Value $5.00]

VOL. 2
No. 33

5c Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

DEC. 19,
1925

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

"WITH YOUR SHIELD OR ON IT" —*An Editorial*

Just before the Chicago-Dartmouth game of the now closed 1925 football season, President Ernest M. Hopkins of Dartmouth, in Chicago, said to the reporters interviewing him it was a bad thing for the colleges that they set so much store on victory and were so disconsolate in defeat.

It was unfair to a football player, he thought, that defeat should be made such a tragedy to him. In this there were disproportionate values. In the average run of a college the men playing football are the men best able to play football. There are ups and downs everywhere.

Notre Dame cannot always have the four horsemen. Illinois loses Grange this year. Harvard had Percy Haughton and winning years. Yale has had its brave and its dark days. Michigan had its point-a-minute team.

Obviously it is not good for American youth that there should be certain stratifications of victory and defeat so that always in certain quarters you may look for certain results. It is better to scatter widely the winners and losers from year to year. And yet we love a consistent winner, and the loser, when he comes after a run of success, pays the penalty of the victories which had preceded him.

Doctor Hopkins thought it was rough on the player and it is. The criticism comes from undergraduates who are not so good as he is and who do not know his scars and from fat old graduates, whose comfortable egotism, their persons not put to any effort, are injured by the player's heroic lack of success.

It is tough on the player, but with defeat the whole personnel of the school, graduate and undergraduate, is cast down.

Americans like to win. It is mentioned as if to their discredit that they like the game not for itself but for its win.

It is tradition that the Spartan mother sent her son out with the injunction that he should come back with his shield or on it. Life does not understand failure. Failure can be accepted in the college cloister, but it cannot be accepted anywhere else in life. Nature does not know a good loser. There is no such thing. An animal wins or it passes away and life is not a good game worth the playing and losing. It is a good game only as it is won.

There is nothing in life for the good loser.

After a defeat Frank Chance, the leader of the old Chicago Cubs, was grouching. Someone told him he was not a good loser. "I don't want to be a good loser, and I don't want anyone playing for me to be."

If good losers are accepted there will be a lot of them and a lot of them do not make a successful nation.

It does seem out of proportion to torment the willing muscularity of a college with the adverse fortune of war on a pluckily fought field and to make for these high-type men an agony out of defeat. It seems unkind and ungenerous and inconsiderate of the struggle they have made.

But that is the crucible of life. Defeat is not endurable. It means suffering. It means humiliation and indignity and deprivation. In life that can't be changed and it is a Samurai and Spartan code.

"With your shield or on it."

In that sentiment you conquer.

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

The Blackmailers of New York

UNDER this title GEORGE S. DOUGHERTY, former deputy police commissioner and chief of detectives of New York City, begins next week a series of amazing revelations concerning the prevalence of blackmail in the metropolis. It is the inside story of the weirdest of modern crime waves.

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER contributes his funniest yarn since Pigs Is Pigs—a side-splitting tale of a polar bear's troubles, entitled A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR GRANDPA.

LIBERTY'S ALL-AMERICAN FOOTBALL TEAM is selected by HUGH FULLERTON from among the players named as best by seventy-six of the leading coaches of the United States. Further honors are awarded in the naming of sectional teams chosen by the coaches themselves.

SENATOR WILLIAM E. BORAH discusses FREE SPEECH in a stirring article; there's a lively Christmas story by FRANK CONDON, called NOW AND THEN, and PAUL L. KINKEAD writes of a strange new attempt to solve the ancient riddle, WHAT IS THE SOUL?

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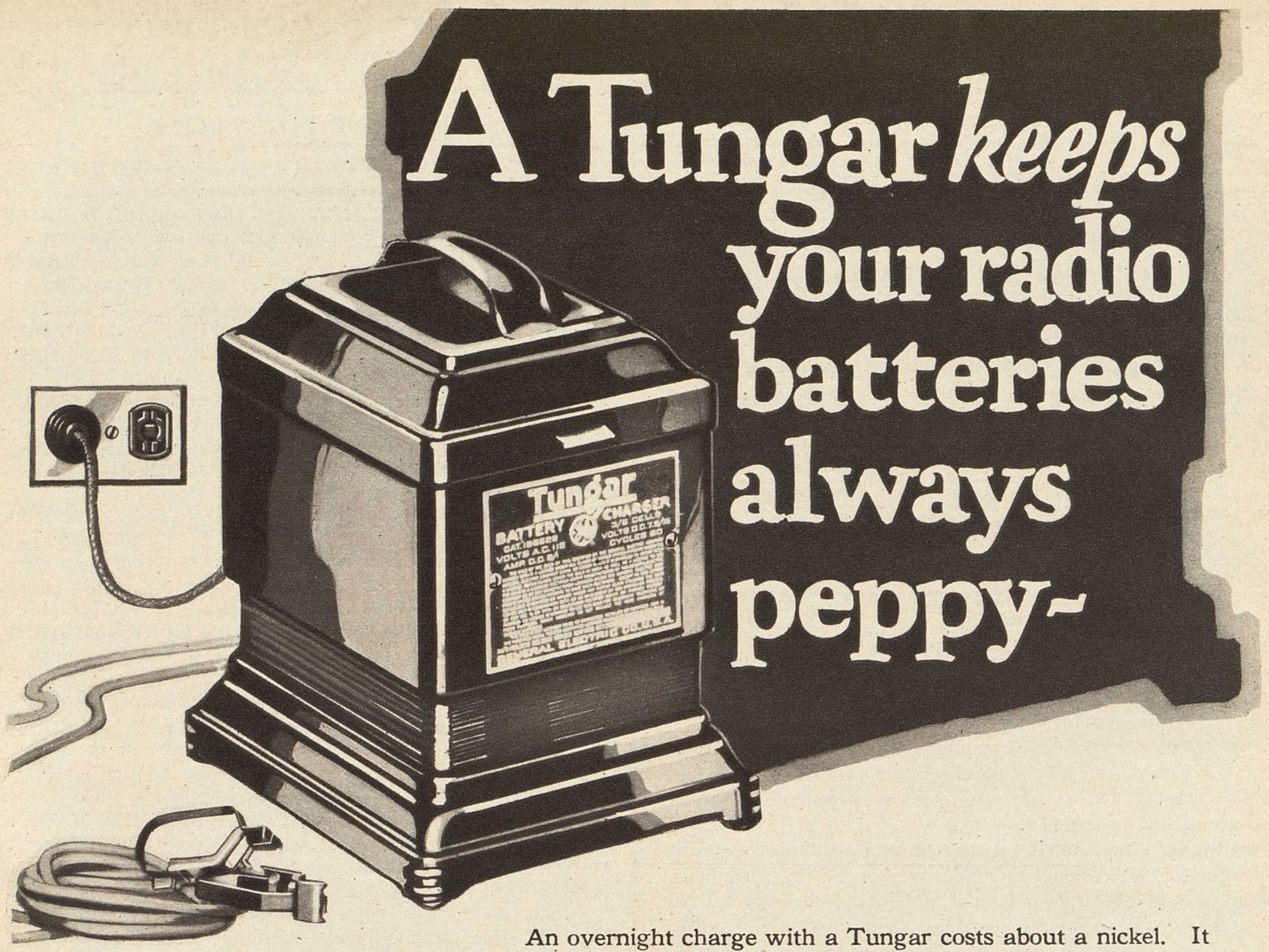
A Tungar *keeps* your radio batteries always peppy-

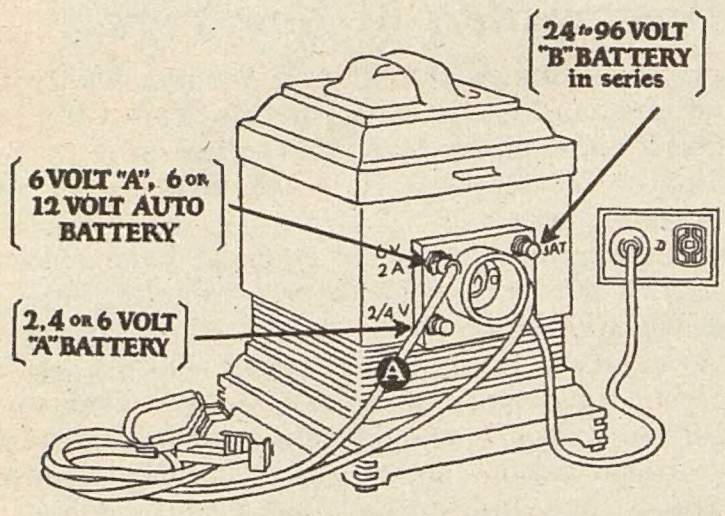


An overnight charge with a Tungar costs about a nickel. It peps up both "A" and "B" batteries and keeps your radio set at its full-toned best.

Tungar—the original bulb charger—is noiseless. It contains no substance which will spoil furnishings. Just clip it to your set and plug it into the house current. It can't blow out Radiotrons if the battery is left hooked to the set while charging.

Use a Tungar—the charger that needs no attention.

This diagram shows how easy it is to use a Tungar. Just clip cord (A) to the plainly marked terminals.



The Tungar is a G-E product developed in the great research laboratories of General Electric. It charges any make and size of storage battery: radio "A" and auto batteries, and "B" batteries as high as 96 volts in series.

East of the Rockies:
2 ampere size $18
5 ampere size $28
60 cycles—110 volts

Tungar
REG. U.S PAT. OFF.
BATTERY CHARGER

TUNGAR—a registered trademark—is found only on the genuine. Look for it on the name plate.

Merchandise Division
General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Conn.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

The Most Anxious Moments *in a* Woman's Life

A Discourse on Gray Hairs, Fading Figures, Getting Husbands, Keeping Them, and the Difficult Choice as to Which Is Worst

By
SOPHIE KERR

Picture by FRANCES ROGERS

THERE is a painful, anxious moment when a woman sees her husband making a fool of himself in public over a flirtatious, silly creature who is known to her sex as a cheap vamp.

PLEASE remember that we are considering the Most Anxious—not the Most Tragic, the Most Painful, or the Most Unhappy, and that anxiety is rather an agitation of the brain than of the heart. An anxious moment may be emotional—and very often is—but, on the other hand, it may not be emotional at all. Also an anxious moment may be tragedy itself, but more often it is not so lasting nor so overwhelming.

To digress for a moment, if I wanted to be smart and cynical and neo-Russian, I'd say that the most tragic moment of a woman's life is the moment when she's born—and I'd throw in some shadowy implications that all life is drear, drab sorrow, misery, and what not. That would settle the tragic stuff in quite modern style. And if I added a nuance or so, a couple of subtleties and unpunctuated quotations from James Joyce—well, I might find myself elected to the Intelligentsia after a happy life of optimism amongst the lowbrows.

But the most anxious moments—the *MOST* anxious!

It has been suggested that a woman's most anxious moment is when she finds her first gray hair! Imagine, Margie, imagine that!

Why, my deah sir, women of the present time don't care whether they have gray hair or not.

There isn't any more age, there aren't any more old ladies knitting by the fireside and feeling neglected and forlorn.

Great-grandmamma is out on her motor bike, doing a little expert political work for the boss of her political district, or she's running a shop (not for antiques, either), or she's managing a restaurant where everything is home-cooked in the most sanitary factories, or she's skittering about town in short skirts and blonde stockings to hear the newest new music or see the newest new art show, or she's dancing the Charleston at a supper club, or she's heading a Movement which is going to do something or other drastic to the Masses.

Her hair is bobbed and curled, though it may be snow white. Observing great-grandmamma and her enjoyable activities, how can her descendants extract a single anxious second, let alone a moment, at sight of the first gray hair?

Time was when the first gray hair meant a slowing down, a sobering, a dulling, and a quieting of life—but no more!

I suspect, though, from all I hear among women "of a certain age," as the French so neatly call them, that the most anxious moment as to her looks that a woman gets nowadays is when she realizes that she's thickening at the hips and acquiring that ugly bulge at the diaphragm.

Her dressmaker hands her a tactful insult about choosing "something that emphasizes a long line from the shoulder to the hem," or, "the wide crush girdle is trying save for the slimmest figures," or, "not the horizontal stripe for you, madame——" and then, when the mirror adds emphasis to the horrid suggestion, most women experience what is truly an anxious moment.

For women of today want to look young just as much as they ever did. They have observed, however, that the color of the hair has very little to do with a youthful appearance, while a slim, supple, graceful figure, flat-chested, thin-hipped, straight-shouldered, gives the feeling of youth no matter if the woman who has it be a hundred and ten.

That is why we hear women talk so much more nowadays about the pineapple-and-chop-diet versus the chop-and-spinach than about gray, graying, or white hair; that is why, when two or three are gathered together, there at once arises an animated discussion of the riding-the-bicycle-in-bed exercise, the diaphragm-stretch exercise, the kicking-the-headboard exercise and the merits and demerits of the various reducing studios which guarantee to take the thick middle-aged bulges away and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TEN]

KODEL

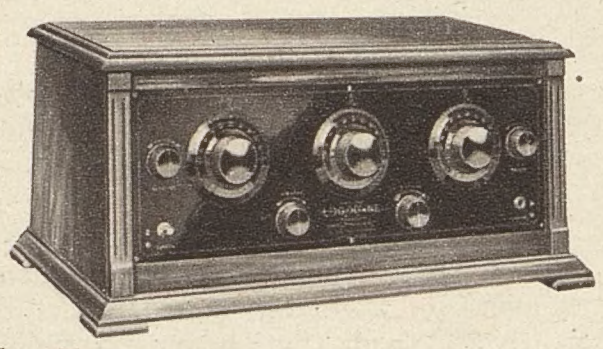
Your Buying Guide for Christmas Giving!

MANY a Christmas wish this year will be gratified by KODEL RADIO. No line of radio equipment offers a wider selection - - none covers a greater or more complete price range.

Beautiful consoles, in two models, masterpieces in furniture design, represent the ultimate for Christmas giving; cabinet models in all sizes, from five tube to crystal; three loud speakers, including the very popular Microphone speaker, the efficient GOLD SEAL HOMCHARGER that charges A & B batteries in a single day.

Make KODEL RADIO your buying guide this Christmas. For no matter how large or limited your purse, there is a KODEL RADIO instrument within your reach. And besides offering by far the widest selection in price range and variety of equipment, there is the assurance when you buy KODEL RADIO, that the price you pay could not buy anything superior.

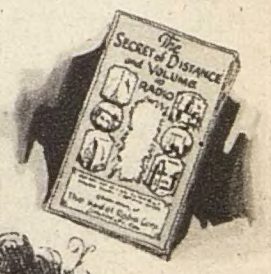
KODEL MICROPHONE LOUD SPEAKER . . . an exact replica of the broadcasting microphone. Two models, $15 and $20.

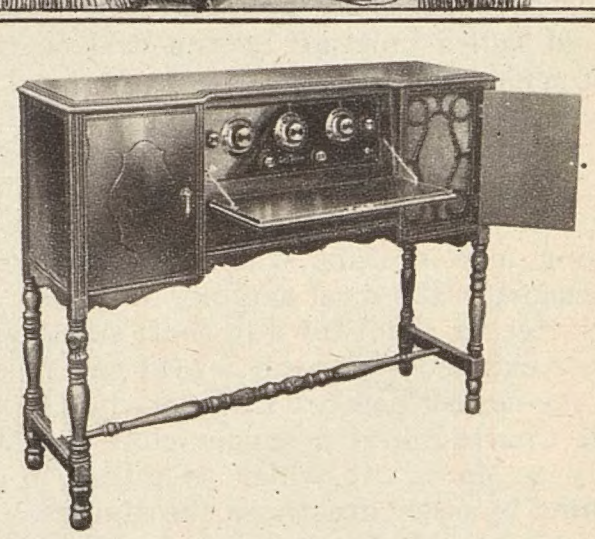


LOGODYNE Big Five; 5 tubes tuned radio frequency; brown mahogany cabinet; gold engraved sloping panel..$90

free

This 16-page booklet "The Secret of Distance and Volume in Radio" gives valuable information for better operation of your radio. Mailed FREE. Use the coupon.



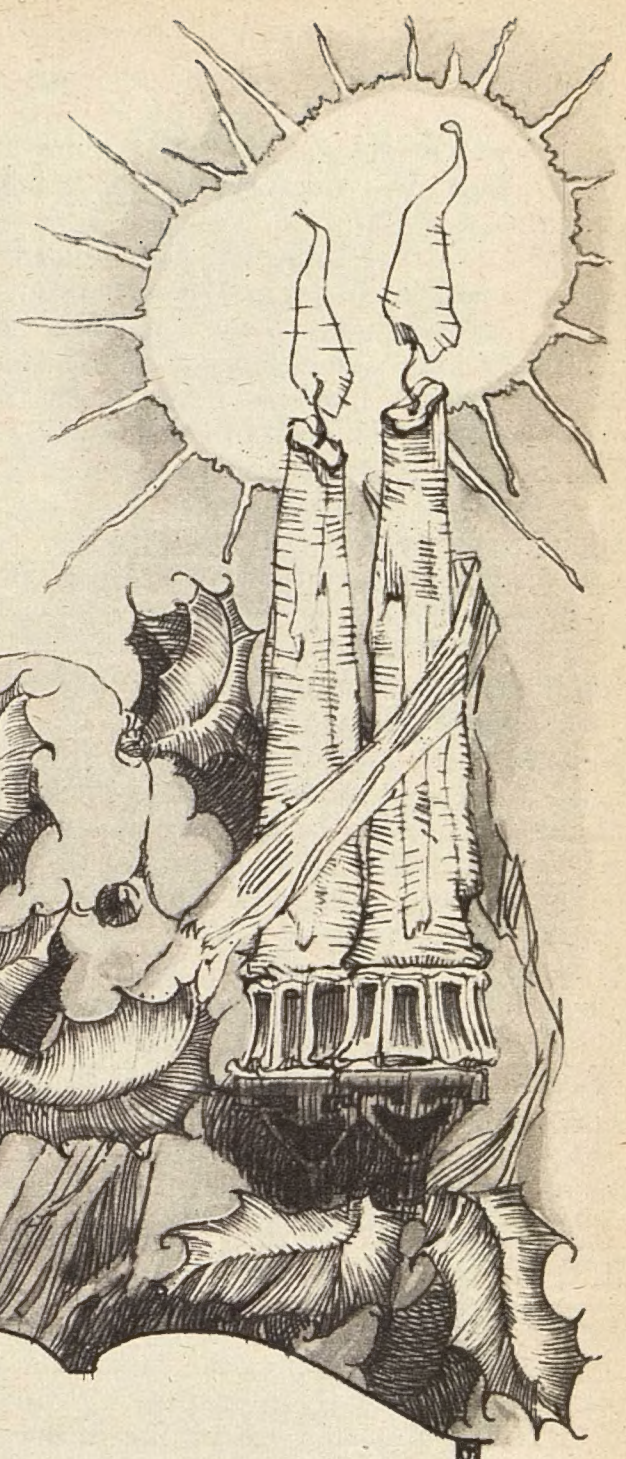


LOGODYNE BIG FIVE CONSOLE; 5 tubes; built-in speaker; battery and charger compartment $275

KRC

The Emblem of Worth in Radio

RADIO



Ten Other KODEL Models for Christmas Selection!

In addition to those illustrated, KODEL RADIO offers ten other models of receivers, loud speakers and battery chargers all of the same high KODEL standard—the best that radio offers.

GOLD STAR RECEIVERS

3-Tube	$30.00
2-Tube	20.00
1-Tube	12.00
Crystal	6.00

LOUD SPEAKERS

DeLuxe Amplifier	$25.00
Cabinet Amplifier	27.50

BATTERY CHARGERS

Eclipse (enclosed bulb type)

2-amp. size	$14.50
5-amp. size	20.00

Bulbs extra

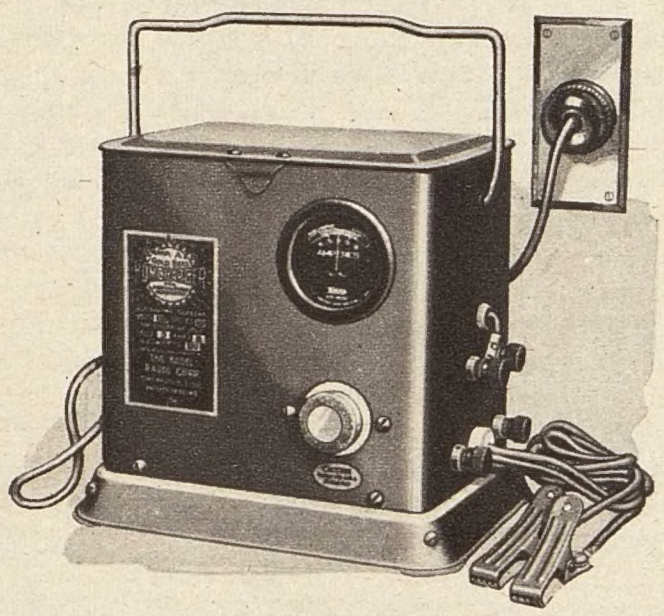
Crescent (bulb)

2-amp. size	$ 9.00
5-amp. size	12.00

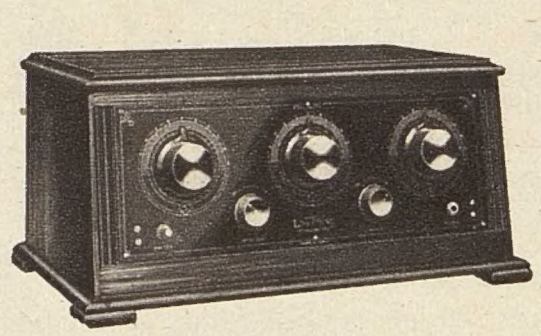
Bulbs extra

The KODEL RADIO CORPORATION
513 E. Pearl Street Cincinnati, Ohio

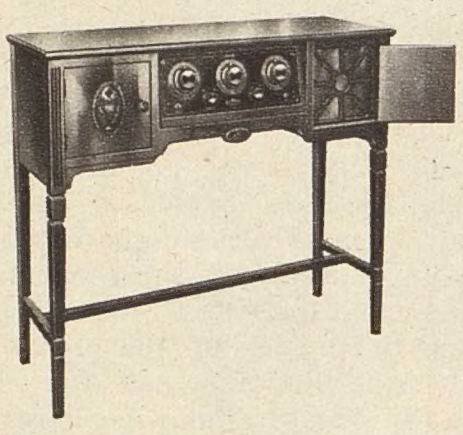
WKRC
Owners of Kodel Broadcasting Station WKRC.



GOLD SEAL HOM-CHARGER; improved model; fast 5 amperes charging rate; charges A and B batteries....$19.50



LOGODYNE Standard Five; tuned radio frequency; 5 tubes; beautiful cabinet; gold engraved panel.....$70



LOGODYNE Standard Five Console; built-in speaker; battery and charger compartment, $165.

Free 16-page booklet "The Secret of Distance and Volume in Radio."

The KODEL RADIO CORPORATION
513 E. Pearl St., Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me without charge or obligation, your 16-page booklet "The Secret of Distance and Volume in Radio."

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN]

restore the youthful slenderness—and keep it restored.

Yes, woman's physical anxious moments have been definitely transferred from the head to the hips.

Paradoxically, women's looks were never more important to her and never less so. Never were there so many beauty parlors, never so many creams and lotions and powders and perfumes—but likewise never were there so many occupations open to women where brains and not beauty are the essential requisite.

It is evident that every woman's "most anxious moments" must be different, depending on her character, her ambition, her place in the scheme of the world, her seriousness or her lack of it—and, perhaps most of all, on the quality of her resourcefulness, her belief in her own abilities.

Every girl, rich or poor, small-town or big-city, clever or dumb Dora, writhes at the thought of going to a dance and not having enough partners, or knowing, at the end of a party, that the hostess is obliged to force some one of the man guests to take her home.

Lucky the girl who has a brother who can be depended on to fill in at such times. She won't have to spend hours in the dressing room pretending that she's repairing a torn frock, and she won't have to force a smile and seem grateful when an obviously reluctant swain comes near and sullenly demands, "M'see y'home?" There are tears on the pillow after moments like this.

THE debutante, the real, honest-to-goodness-in-society debutante, has this same anxious moment, only greatly intensified. Her individual social success means everything to her, and to her mother, too. Will she have heaps of cut-ins at dances; will she be invited everywhere, and have a good time once she gets there, or will she be a flat tire, an oil can, a dub, a wallflower, or, to speak English, a social failure? Each little debby has a lot of hard work before her, and those who toil at popularity the most energetically don't always achieve it.

Then, beyond popularity, there's the question of marriage. Every up-to-the-minute deb wants to marry, and marry well. They've knowingly observed that it's the very rare spinster, indeed, who counts for anything in society. Whereas the young matron and the once or twice divorcee are very much in evidence socially, the girl who came out the selfsame season and hasn't landed even one husband is quite definitely on the shelf. Therefore, it's the wise young deb who makes her plans to marry not later than her second season.

Much easier to determine than to do, for eligible youths are so much run after by older women that they look on marriage with a jaundiced eye. Likewise, there aren't ever enough eligible young men to go around—men with money, family, position, and agreeable personality thrown in. So, when the little debby goes determinedly hunting, she has so many anxious moments it's a wonder she can keep her make-up in place over the wrinkles in her fair young brow.

As for the older women, especially those who do much entertaining, life for them is just one anxious moment after another. The suburban hostess, in particular, knows anxious moments of such unique intensity that they might truly be called anguish—as when a very special dinner party has been planned, and the main course was to have been squab chicken, and at three o'clock in the afternoon of the great day the butcher calls up and says cheerfully, "Them squabs I ordered f'r you didn't come—ain't got nothin' but corned beef left."

Or Friend Husband, who was to bring the alligator pears and the limes from the city, shows up empty-handed . . . or the local waitress-by-the-hour sends word that she "can't come, she's all swole up with erysipelas," . . . or the cook drops the iron frying pan bang on top of the most treasured and indispensable dozen of expensive dessert plates . . . these are sad stories from real life, gentle reader, and the women who experienced them speak of them still with piteous agitation.

No matter where the hostess may live, no matter what her resources, her way is still beset with anxious moments. Prohibition has complicated hospitality in that much more liquor is served than ever before, and there is always the question as to whether your bootlegger may have slipped a bit of wood alcohol into the last case of gin. The hostess who, after the cocktails have been drunk, sees that none of her guests have developed the blind staggers may draw a long sigh of blessed relief. One anxious moment is safely passed.

But other difficulties are always present—the late-comer, for whom dinner must be delayed, with the inevitable consequence of spoiling the *soufflé* as well as the temper of the other guests; the seating at table—has everyone a partner to his taste, or has some hideous *faux pas* been committed, some long-standing feud ignored, and have deadly enemies found themselves cozily side by side? This hurdle passed—are people enjoying themselves; are they eating and talking and having a pleasant time or are they glumly gobbling?

All these little items supply the hostess with plenty to worry about; yet, according to the etiquette books, no matter what happens, or how she feels, she must preserve a gay, carefree demeanor and give the impression that she, at least, is having a wonderful time.

If the dinner itself is safely over—the eating part of it, that is—then come the doldrums when bridge tables must be set out, or other prearranged entertainment provided, or else conversation must be stimulated by and with the coffee and liqueurs to a sprightliness and animation which is always partially artificial. Pitfalls lie in all of these. If it is bridge, the hostess *may* avoid an anxious moment by letting the guests make up their own tables, but she will probably have two or more when she sees that the Sharks have got hold of the rich young Goofs or that old Mr. Fiend has been misled by the conversation of Mrs. Trump-ace to ask her to play at his table.

ONE hostess I knew, seeking to avoid alike the snares of bridge or music, brought in a mind-reader to divert her guests after dinner. Imagine her feelings when the seeress proved entirely too good and remarked loudly to one of the men guests, "You are not living with your wife"—which happened to be true, but was not generally known to those present. The anxious moment which the good lady who gave the dinner endured seemed hours long—nor was it abated by the crimson anger of the seeress' victim, who turned on her accusingly with, "You told her what to say beforehand." The hostess was innocent, but he would never believe it—nor would the other guests.

Yet these are all lighter matters, harrowing as they may be for a time. There is a far more painful, anxious moment when a woman sees her husband making a fool of himself in public over a girl half his age or a flirtatious, silly creature who is known to her sex as a cheap vamp. Anger for the slap to her dignity, irritation that a man can be so stupid as to fall for such poor bait, a dash of jealousy, and a deep uneasiness that perhaps, after all, he is tired of her—these go to make up a very bad, anxious moment indeed, and, like the perfect hostess, the wife must not betray her feelings. She must put on a smile and an easy, amused manner when she would like to scream and bang things about. Believe me, an anxious moment of that sort which must be swallowed in apparent unconscious amiability is a bitter dose indeed.

I think the most anxious moment of the business woman is the one when she applies for her first job. A green young thing, conscious of her greenness, she sits on the edge of her chair and answers stumblingly the questions of her possible employer. Can she take dictation? Can she use any make of machine? Can she run a switchboard? Can she keep books? What filing system does she know? How about her spelling, her handwriting, her grammar?

The person who poses these inquiries seems an all-knowing, all-seeing, and all-doubting ogre—though later the applicant may find out that he is the most harmless, kindly little soul in the whole establishment. She is dismissed with "We will let you know in a few days whether we'll need you or not."

THEN follows a whole series of anxious moments. She knows she appeared a perfect dummy; she is certain that the girl who went in just before her was twice as bright, twice as clever; she feels that if she's failed she'll never have the courage to try anywhere else; and she longs, oh, how she longs, that the verdict will be favorable. If she gets that job, how hard, how faithfully, how loyally she'll work at it! How cheerfully she will accept responsibility, how willingly she will stay after five to help in any emergency!

Of course, all the first jobs are not in an office—but the most anxious moment goes with all of them—the school-teacher waiting for her certificate, the librarian, the model, the sewing girl, the reporter, the chorus dancer, the factory hand—they've all known their anxious moment at the time when they asked for work and didn't know whether they'd get it or not.

To my mind the most truly anxious moment that any woman can feel is that of the mother whose children are acting and thinking wholly for themselves, who can no longer influence them, who is out of touch with their interests, and whom they regard as out-moded, out-of-date, coloring their affection for her by the tolerance that says:

"Poor old dear—there's no use paying any attention to her funny old ideas, but don't hurt her feelings."

It is the rare mother who has not known this moment, and suffered from it cruelly. Youth is so sure its ignorance is universal wisdom that it will not heed; it pushes away scornfully the helping hands of age and experience. Youth cannot believe that it does not know it all, or, should there be any least slip in its calculations, that it will not escape the inevitable penalties.

And all the mother can do is mutely to watch her sons and daughters, dearer than her heart's blood, run on in their own foolish, reckless way and stand by to pick up the pieces when the smash comes. She must not even say "I told you so," for fear of alienating herself further from these overconfident young things who blunder about so blindly when they think they are making a straight, clear course.

There is no remedy for this moment, no avoidance of it, that I can see. It is a part of motherhood. But it is, and always will be, the most anxious moment in a woman's life.

THE END

At the End *of the* Bandit Trail

How Gerald Chapman and Dutch Anderson, the Two Most Spectacular Criminals of Modern Times, Went Down to Defeat at the Hands of the Law

By EDWARD H. SMITH

George "Dutch" Anderson, who was born to the Danish gentry, became one of America's greatest criminals, and finally was slain like a rat up an alley in Muskegon, Michigan. The picture was taken on one of the few occasions when he was in the hands of the law.

Charles Dewitt Hammond, the heroic detective who lost his life in slaying one of the most dangerous criminals of the century.

THERE lies a man at Wethersfield, Connecticut, in the arms of the blood-red gallows tree. And in the black earth at Rochester, New York, his bosom comrade through perils and desperations sleeps forevermore.

A melancholy *finis* for two enemies of society who caught and held the imagination of the American people for a space — Gerald Chapman and Dutch Anderson. One thinks of Jonathan Wild strangled at Tyburn and Jesse James shot at St. Joe like a scabby dog. One end to them all, these brave bad men.

In our time no criminals have basked in such notoriety as came to this pair of fearsome young men. Chapman and Anderson are spoken of as familiarly as though they were men in high office or heroes of the wars. Five years back only a few policemen and prison keepers knew their names. But a little while ago the wires and cables flashed the news as a momentous event when Dutch Anderson died like a rat up an alley in Muskegon, Michigan, at the point of his own pistol in the hands of an heroic officer, who must have trembled had he known his quarry.

Who was this Anderson, this prodigious evil fellow, who lived so dangerously and died so meanly? This robber, prisoner, escaper, and killer. This king of the human abyss, who is credited with being "the brain" of Gerald Chapman, the greatest criminal of modern times. What was the true story of the man who kept the half million public and private police of the nation seeking him in vain for two years; who struck terror into the hearts of all who spoke against him or his pals; whose face eluded the man hunters for seasons, though two million likenesses of it had been spread about the world and a price stood on his head? The answer is one that measures up to the last levels of terrible romance.

The true name of Dutch Anderson was Ivan Dahl von Teller and he was a man of family in Scandinavia. The Von Tellers are, or so I am told by responsible friends, long resident in Copenhagen, of the old Danish gentry and related to the nobles of the land. And the man who died at Muskegon, a bandit and a murderous outlaw, was born in a great house on the fringe of the capital of Denmark about forty-six years ago.

The young Von Teller had excellent schooling. He attended the University of Upsala in Sweden and is said to have spent some time at Heidelberg. But he was turbulent and rebellious. He seems to have been constantly at war with a martinet father. At twenty he left the university and came to America, where he soon fell in with evil companions.

All of twenty years ago Anderson was already in the underworld of New York. I have found a Harlem saloonkeeper who knew and befriended the polite, gentlemanly, and accomplished George Anderson of those days. In return for hospitality and discretion, Anderson engaged to teach French and Spanish to the liquor dealer's children.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTEEN]

Liberty's $1,000 Award for Bravery Goes to Anderson's Slayer

IN RECOGNITION of Charles Dewitt Hammond's distinguished heroism in the gun battle which resulted in the death of Dutch Anderson, Liberty has made its weekly award of $1,000 for bravery to Hammond's widow.

The detective shot and killed Anderson with Anderson's own gun after the bandit had mortally wounded him in a single-handed combat.

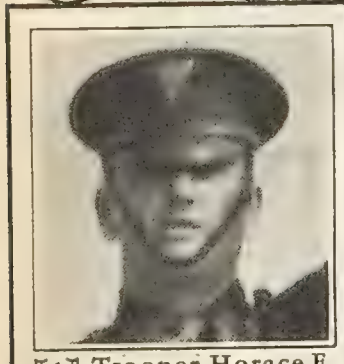
Hammond gave up his life in an effort to capture the most desperate criminal in the annals of American police. He went to his death with unflinching devotion to his duty. No man can do more.

An unfortunate trick of fate indirectly led to Hammond's death. He and William C. Feeney, another detective, handled most of the criminal cases in Muskegon, Michigan. They customarily worked together on Saturday nights. On the night of October 31 Feeney just missed a street car that would have brought him to the police station at the time Hammond was leaving to take Anderson into custody. Had Feeney caught the car he would have assisted in the arrest and Anderson might never have had a chance to use his weapon.

Hammond was forty-seven years old. For thirteen years he had been a Muskegon policeman, and for the last twelve years had held the rank of detective. He was noted for his coolness, his courage, and his marksmanship. But his tightly buttoned overcoat robbed him of a chance to reach his own weapon when Anderson opened fire. He was thus forced to wrest the desperado's gun away from him.

Besides his widow, to whom Liberty's gold hero medal also is awarded, Hammond is survived by three sons: Douglas, twenty-four; Nathan, twenty; and Clifford, fourteen, and a daughter, Miss Ferol Hammond. His aged parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Hammond, also survive him. Hammond's father was a Muskegon policeman for many years.

For suggesting that Liberty's award be made to Hammond's widow, this publication will pay $100 to Grant B. Miller, post-office inspector in charge at Chicago, as is customary.



[1] Trooper Horace E. Rankine captured, single-handed, two bandits after mad chase.

[2] Deputy Sheriff Joseph Shrader won battle against four band robbers; jailed all.

[3] Col. William Mitchell had moral courage to stake his career for his beliefs.

[4] Sisters Immaculata and Assumpta neared death to save 3 drowning children.

[5] Harvey Hammett faced 5 bandits, sacrificing life to aid wounded policeman.

[6] Nelson Anderson let train mangle him that three-year-old child might live.

[7] Sergt. Patrick Ahearn dared death in rescuing eight from flaming academy.

[8] Seaman Bailey, suffering, directed rescue of comrades before saving himself.

[9] J. S. Partridge beat landslide in race down mountain; saved five from death.

[10] Blind George Damon, aged twelve, hearing cries, rescued drowning woman.

[11] Mrs. Rhoda Kelty, injured, lost in canyon, fed life blood to save child.

[12] Charles Hammond, mortally wounded, killed slayer "Dutch" Anderson.

Which hero deserves it?

Special award of $1000.00

..by the Zonite Products Company

Twelve heroes have won national fame through the series of awards by Liberty Magazine. To all of them it came richly deserved—to some it came too late. They gave up life itself in their unselfish act of heroism.

To all the readers of Liberty likewise, there now comes an opportunity for unselfish service. From the twelve, choose that one whose story appealed to you most strongly, whose act thrilled you most deeply. Vote for him on the coupon below. There is no prize for *you*—but there will be intense satisfaction in helping the "hero of heroes" to get the special award of $1000.00 in gold to be given by the Zonite Products Company. Liberty Magazine, which has so ably conducted this contest, will supervise the count of votes.

The famous antiseptic Zonite, born in the agony of the Great War, naturally has always been associated with acts of heroism. It stood on guard against infection in the hospitals of France; it stands on guard today against infection in the home, the nurseries, of the civilized world. ZONITE PRODUCTS COMPANY, Postum Building, 250 Park Avenue, New York.

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Zonite

Fill out the form or copy it on separate sheet of paper. Mail to Liberty Magazine, to arrive by midnight, Jan. 19, 1926, marking envelope "Hero Contest."

Vote here → for your favorite hero

LIBERTY WEEKLY, Inc. (Zonite Vote)
Tribune Tower, Chicago, Ill.

In the "Hero of Heroes" contest I cast my vote for

Number.....

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN]

To this man, as to most others who met this contradictory creature, Anderson was a riddle.

"I never could make him out," the saloonkeeper told me. "I guessed about what he was up to, but it was hard to believe. He wasn't like the other young toughs at all. Always reading and studying something, and always a gentleman, polite and kind to everyone."

Just what Anderson was "up to" in those days must remain in doubt, probably no more than petty thievery or "shoving the queer," which is the way the underworld describes the passing of counterfeit coin.

Only one episode out of the early criminal

Police Sergt. William Feeney, Hammond's partner in running down Muskegon malefactors. Had not a perverse trick of fate kept him from being with Hammond when the latter encountered Anderson, Hammond might have been alive today.

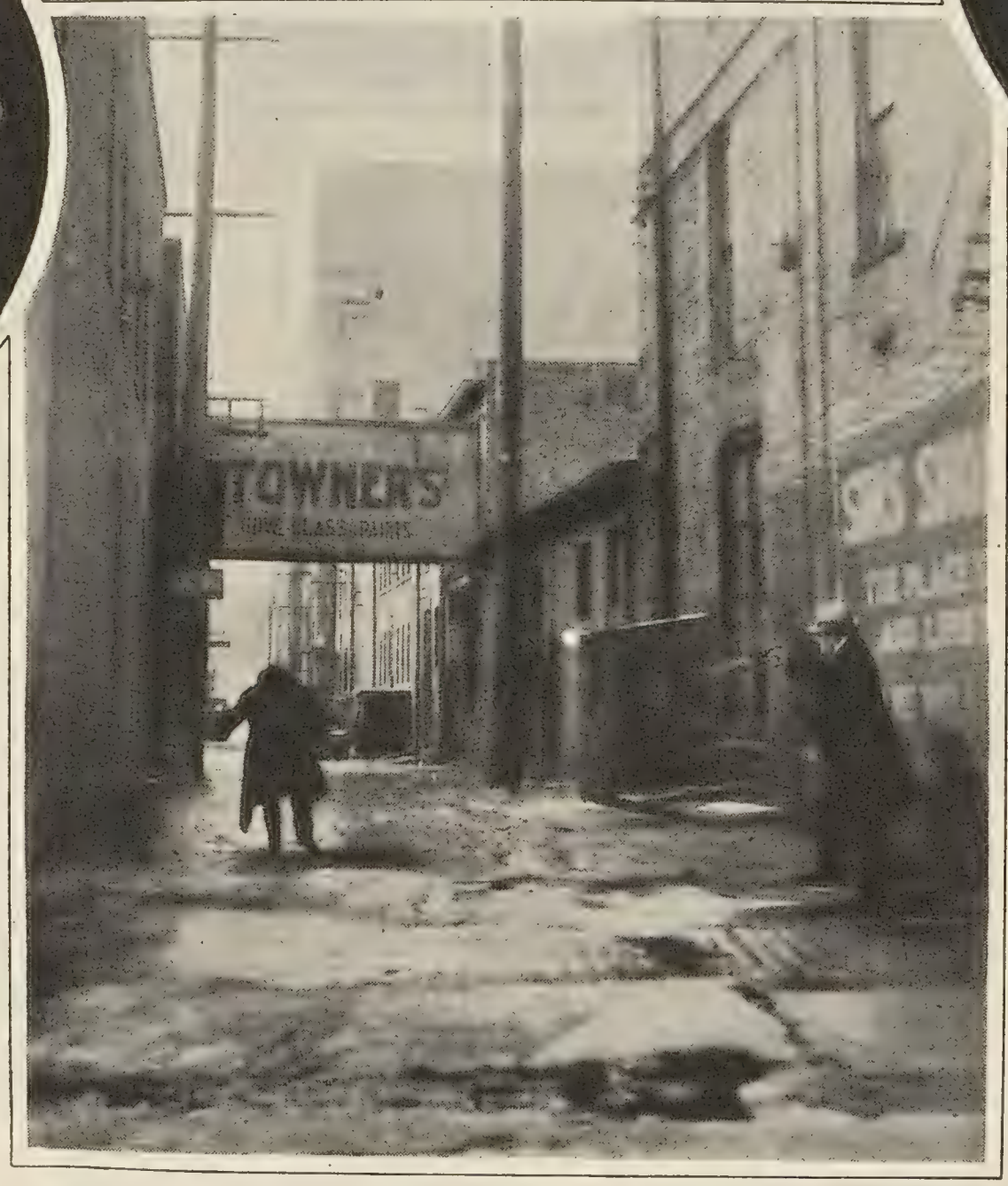
life of this notorious fellow seems to have been discovered. He was convicted of a crime in North Carolina and sent to a turpentine camp, where he was driven and beaten by the gang bosses after a fashion made clear through recent scandals.

He came away bitter and revengeful, as men will who have been mishandled by other men.

A LITTLE later, apparently about nineteen years ago, Anderson made an attempt to go straight. He had a job, was making progress, and he married a pretty girl of unimpeachable reputation; but a few weeks later she was killed in a traffic accident in Rochester, and Anderson lost heart.

He committed some robberies and money order crimes of no special notability. Finally, about twelve years ago, he was caught robbing a jewelry store in Rochester and sent to Auburn Prison to serve a generous term. Here the curtain rises on that part of the notorious bandit's life that can be set down with precision.

In Auburn Anderson met the younger Gerald Chapman. Anderson taught languages to the inmates of that grim old prison, and Chapman sat in the library and doled out the books. And Anderson undoubtedly stimulated, if he did not create, Chapman's interest in good literature, while six or seven years crept by behind the walls.



Where and how the notorious Dutch Anderson met his ignoble death—Hammond's heroic exploit re-enacted on the spot of the slaying. Hammond, although mortally wounded, wrested the bandit's gun from his grip, prior to the moment shown in the photograph. Anderson then turned to flee, and Hammond brought him down, as shown.

Anderson and Chapman were released in 1919, a few months apart. They drifted into the Middle West, to Detroit and Toledo, where they engaged for a year or more in nothing more startling than bootlegging or running consignments of rum in from Canada. The spring of 1921 found them in New York, where they soon managed to make contact with one of those mysterious overlords of the American underworld who direct and finance the operations of capable criminals. For a time Anderson and Chapman continued as bootleggers. They lived like gentlemen in a fine apartment house on the upper West Side, where living is expensive. At night they drove about in a luxurious closed automobile, with a chauffeur at the wheel and frequented the night clubs and after-theater cabarets of the metropolis.

Their chauffeur, oddly enough, was a man who had been a convict with them in Auburn. This man was Charles Loeber.

One day someone told Loeber it would be easy to rob one of the trucks which carry the mail from the old post office in downtown New York, where rich consignments of Wall Street and the Maiden Lane jewelry district are received, to the general post office near the Pennsylvania Station. So on the night of October 24, 1921, Anderson, Chapman, and Loeber followed a truck from the post office, swung themselves aboard it, turned it into Leonard Street, just off Broadway, and robbed it of five pouches containing more than two million four hundred thousand dollars in bonds, stocks, jewelry, and cash—the greatest single job of banditry ever committed in this country.

Immediately after the robbery the stickup

P. & A. Photo

Gerald Chapman, Anderson's partner in crime. Although called "the greatest criminal of modern times," officials who know say that Chapman was merely an understudy, and that Anderson was the real crime-wizard of the combination.

men ran out to an abandoned farm near Lake Ronkonkoma, Long Island, cut open the mail sacks in an old stable, and spent three days sorting and dividing the loot.

SIX weeks after the famous Leonard Street job the three bandits held up and robbed a truck of the American Express Company at Niagara Falls, taking a couple of hundred thousand dollars' worth of express money orders. The cashing of one of these led to their fall. Loeber, whose adoption by such astute criminals as Anderson and Chapman is one of the puzzles of this whole history, gave the order to a New York rooming house mistress. She cashed it with a merchant. It came back marked fraudulent and the woman pointed out Loeber.

Post-office inspectors now shadowed Loeber and on the afternoon of July 3, 1922, when he kept an appointment at an expensive New York restaurant with Chapman and Anderson, all three were arrested. In a few hours Loeber confessed, and later Anderson and Chapman were convicted in the Federal courts and sentenced to serve twenty-five years each in the Atlanta Prison.

"I won't be down there long," said Chapman as he was led away to the train.

Anderson said nothing, but he had his ideas, no doubt.

Chapman made good in March, 1923, after he had been in prison less than seven months. He got over the walls, was later surrounded in a field and shot down by officers; but upon being taken to a hospital at Athens, Georgia, apparently paralyzed by his wounds, he yet managed to escape a second time.

Eight months thereafter, in the face of all

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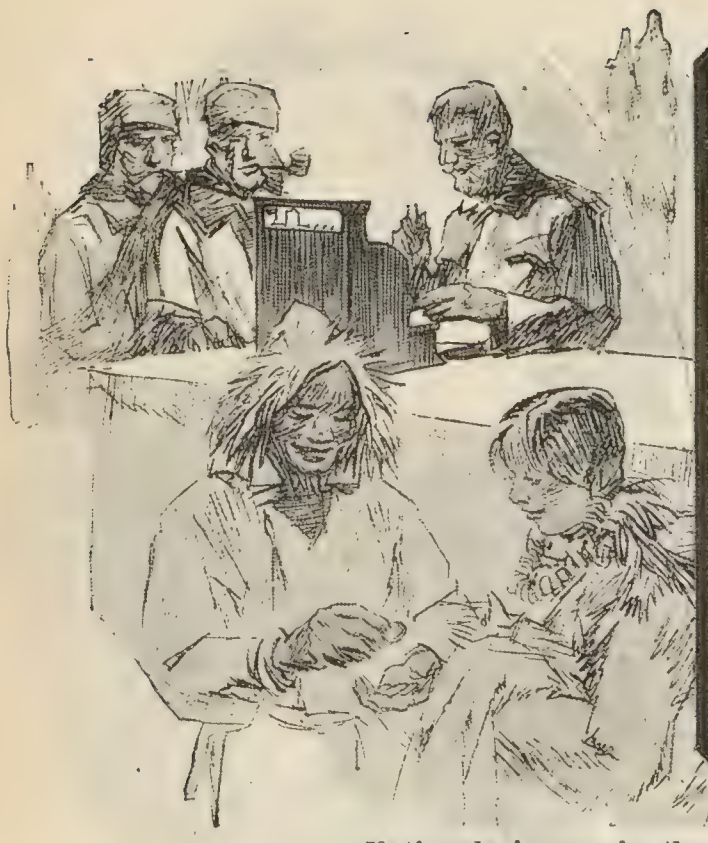

Nationals in use in the frozen North—a trading post for fur trappers.

Nationals in use in out-of-the-way places—a mining company store in the Peruvian Andes.

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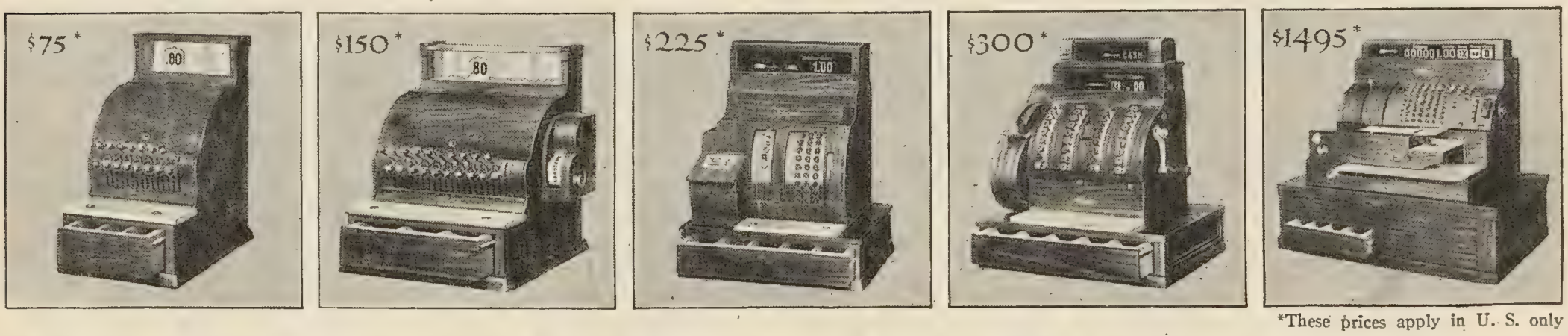

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National Cash Registers

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the vigilance that followed Chapman's flight, Dutch Anderson and others managed to tunnel their way under the heavy walls of Atlanta Prison. The others were not long free, but of the prodigious Anderson no sight or sound was got and he was soon the center of a search that extended to the very fringes of the world.

Between one and one-half and two million circulars were sent out for Anderson and his pal, first and last. More than seven hundred special government detectives, post-office inspectors, and secret service men toiled for two years. Squads of these trained officers were detailed to hunt Anderson and do nothing else. The man was reported dead or captured from more than two hundred and fifty different places in the United States and other countries. No such expensive, far-flung, and persistent hunt of a criminal ever before was attempted in this country.

But Anderson remained free—till the other day.

Meantime grief had overtaken his pal, Chapman. On the morning of October 12, 1924, policemen were called to a department store in New Britain, Connecticut, by a hostler who said burglars were in the place. Several of the local police entered the store and were greeted by revolver shots. One of them, James Skelly, fell dead, and a lone burglar leaped over the body of the prostrate policeman, ran into the street and vanished.

WALTER SHEAN, a local advertising man and son of wealthy parents—to parallel Anderson's case, by the way—was caught near the place, admitted that he had taken part in the burglary and named Gerald Chapman as his accomplice.

Postal inspectors working in many parts of the country under the suggestion of the experienced Inspector J. J. Doran of the New York office had slowly been narrowing the net about the flown bandits. They had known for some months that Anderson and Chapman had spent much time in the vicinity of Muncie, Indiana, and they learned that their hangout had been at the farmhouse of Ben Hance, a local small-town character who had previously been arrested for bootlegging.

An indictment hung over the head of Hance and the local authorities, working in connection with the Federal men, brought Hance in and put to him a very plain and painful proposition. Either he would tell what he knew of the activities of Anderson and Chapman or the charge would be pressed and he would shortly find himself in Michigan City, where the walls are high and gray. Hance thought, trembled, and squealed.

Partly through this betrayal on the part of Hance and partly through the finding of some bags used for shipping loot back and forth between Connecticut and Indiana, the robbers were traced, and in January of this year Chapman was surprised by Muncie officers and knocked helpless before he could use his revolver, which fortunately missed fire. It was said he was on his way to kill Hance.

Last March Chapman was brought to trial at Hartford, Connecticut, and convicted of the murder of Officer Skelly. He was at once carried to Wethersfield to await the grim slow coming of the state's executioners. Ben Hance and his wife were witnesses against Chapman at the trial. The word was passed around at the trial that their days were probably numbered and Ben Hance told the authorities that he felt Dutch Anderson would take his life.

Whatever feeling the local police might have had about the danger of vengeance, the postal inspectors were fully convinced that Dutch Anderson would do the terrifying and unbelievable thing. To the newspaper reader Gerald Chapman stood out as the more remarkable criminal of the two, but to the officers Chapman was always the tyro, the understudy, and Anderson the master. Chapman had been caught, but not Anderson. That spoke volumes in itself.

The fears of Hance and the inspectors were soon and fearfully realized. The Chapman trial was not two months old when a garage at Steubenville, Ohio, was set afire and burned to the ground. The owners had been witnesses against Chapman at Hartford, for it was a car stolen from this place that the bandit had used to ride back and forth between Muncie and New England. Threats had been made against these witnesses, too.

P. & A. Photo

Ben Hance, who figured in Chapman's arrest and conviction for murder. Later Hance and his wife were killed—by Anderson, the police believe, in reprisal for giving information about the pair.

The bereaved family of the man who gave his life that Anderson might not escape. Seated, left to right: Mrs. Charles D. Hammond, Clifford B. Hammond, Ferol D. Hammond; standing, Douglas C. Hammond and Nathan L. Hammond.

Some realized the truth, some smiled with unbelief. Ben Hance went again to the authorities and said he knew his life was in danger. A few weeks later the blow fell.

Hance and his wife were driving along a quiet country road between their farm and Muncie when another car drew up near them and two men inside began firing. The Hances tried to leave their car and run. The wife fell dead in the road and her husband, trying to flee across a cornfield, was brought down by a fusillade and left gasping out his life. A farmer came to his aid after the slayers had driven away and Hance, dying, gasped that Dutch Anderson had done the deed.

Now, too late, the peril was realized and Anderson became at last a huge, fabulous, formless cloud of terror. He was hunted as never before, and all who had taken part in the Chapman trial knew the ice of mortal fear. It was not long before fresh evidence of the man's dread power and resolve was at hand.

AN innkeeper near New Britain had testified that Chapman had stopped and eaten at his place the night before Officer Skelly was killed. He identified the bandit in court. One night in the early fall this man went out in the dark to look after something in the stable. As he opened the door and flashed his lantern about, there was a pistol shot and he fell wounded.

Now the public excitement over Anderson had reached its height. Officers and citizens everywhere peered into every strange masculine face on the streets. The floaters from rivers were identified as the bandit. Tramps, medicine fakers, traveling performers, and wanderers were picked up and held. Reports of the arrest of Dutch Anderson came in by the dozen. But Federal officers remained skeptical. They firmly believed that Dutch Anderson never would be taken alive, and that death waited for the first man that tackled him. A man with twenty-five years in Atlanta and a double murder charge awaiting him does not tamely follow a constable to jail.

Thousands of local policemen and trained Federal men could not find Dutch Anderson; but slowly, inexorably, the power of organized mankind, the overwhelming force of outraged law, was closing its iron jaws about this strange, monstrous, futile man.

One asks how it is possible for a fellow whose face is almost as familiar to every newspaper reader, and surely to every policeman, sheriff, marshal, constable, and postmaster in the country as that of the President himself, to stay hid for two years and yet never leave the coun-

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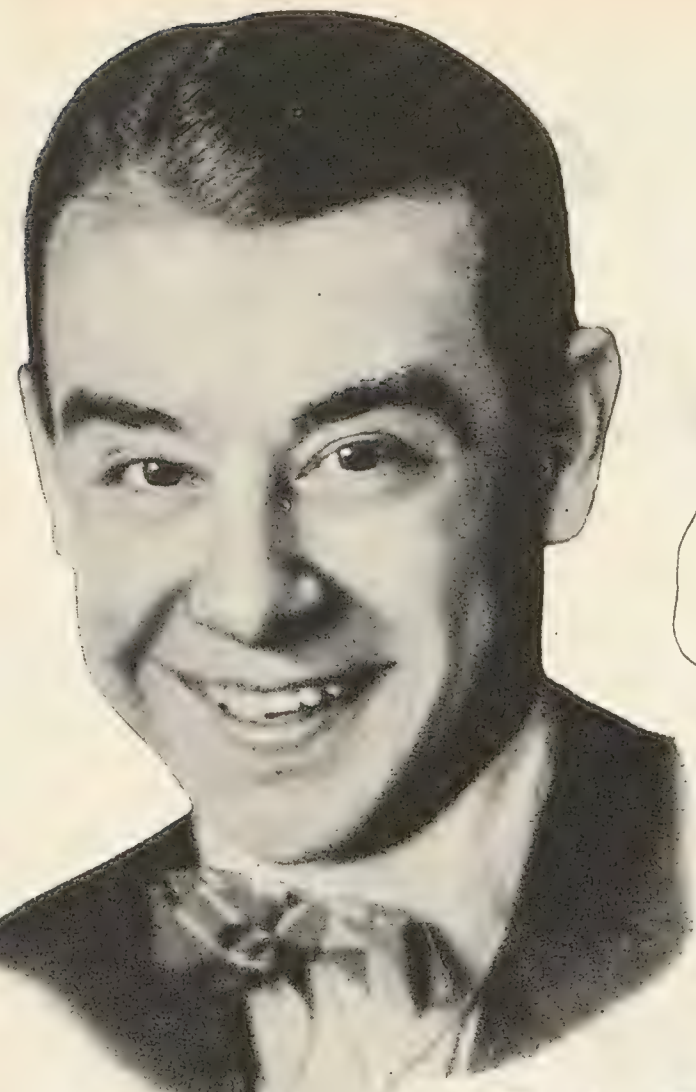
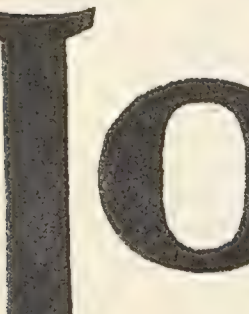


C·C·Burr
Presents

Johnny Hines

in "THE LIVE WIRE"

from "The Game of Light"
by Richard Washburn Child
Directed by Charles Hines



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'Round this page are glimpses of Johnny in popular roles—you have seen him coming along, better and better, to his present premiership in the creation of distinctive screen comedy.

You have relished "Torchy," "Burn 'em Up Barnes," "Sure Fire Flint," "Conductor 1492," "Speed Spook," "Early Bird" and "Crackerjack." And having enjoyed the inimitable Johnny Hines humor of these characterizations you will be all the keener for this, his latest and best melo-comedy, "THE LIVE WIRE," in which he more successfully than ever appeals not only to Youth but also to all who cherish youth.

You will welcome the news that he has nearly finished "Rainbow Riley," a picturization of Thompson Buchanan's play "The Cub," which will be followed by "The Brown Derby," the stage comedy shortly to appear on Broadway.

You can't afford to miss "The Live Wire"—it's chock-full of chuckles and the zest of life.

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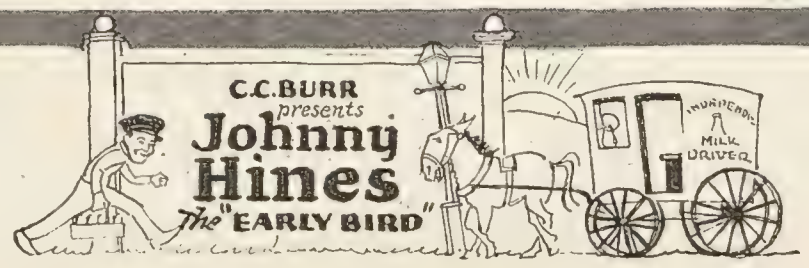

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try. It is true that Dutch Anderson dyed his blondish hair a darker tint and grew a little trick mustache, but did such things really conceal him from the eyes of trained officers?

The fact seems to be that there are men with a price among policemen as among others of the human breed. The fugitive from the law generally purchases immunity from arrest, and this trick has been played by Anderson and Chapman more than once, unless the postal inspectors who hunted them are in error.

There was a standing reward of fifteen hundred dollars on the head of Anderson. If he purchased the silence of an officer who knew him, he had to pay more than that amount for the accommodation. The rule is double the reward. So every time Anderson was recognized by some venal peace officer he probably had to get three thousand dollars somewhere.

Anderson paid as long as he could. Since the proceeds of the big Leonard Street job had been spent or lost long ago, that meant that Anderson had to commit fresh robberies from time to time. Such a course meant ever new risks. And, come what might, the day must arrive when the bandit would have no more money, when no more profitable crimes were open to him. Then he must stoop to petty crookeries or fall into the clutches of the first officer who felt like collecting the reward. Something like this overcame Dutch Anderson.

In September and October of this year the business people in various Michigan towns began to find themselves possessed of counterfeit twenty-dollar bills. A few turned up in Lansing, a few in Kalamazoo; others in Grand Rapids and Flint. The Treasury Department in Washington listed twenty-five of them, all passed after the middle of September, and a warning was issued and circulated in Michigan and near by.

AT about seven-forty o'clock on the evening of October 31, a quietly dressed, urbane man, somewhere in the ripe reaches of middle life, walked into the Colonial Cafe and Candy Store on the main street of Muskegon and asked a girl clerk for a pound of hard candy. In payment he tendered a yellow twenty-dollar bill, took his change, and walked quietly out.

A few minutes later the clerk told the manager, Mr. Garcia Ingalls, that change would be needed, so Ingalls took the twenty and crossed the street to the Muskegon Savings Bank. The teller looked at the bill curiously, examined it under a light, and stamped it "counterfeit."

Mr. Ingalls hurried to the police station and explained what had happened to Chief Peter Hansen.

"Who gave it to you?" asked the police official.

"I think I could identify the man," said Ingalls.

At that moment one of the two city detectives who make up the whole force of such officers in Muskegon came in through the door to report for evening duty.

Detective Charles Dewitt Hammond was a man little like the sleuth of fiction. He was neither young and flashy, nor subtle, nor adventurous, nor devious, nor astute. Instead he was a family man whose youth was far behind him, a man verging upon his fifties, the father of grown sons and a daughter, the husband of an ailing wife. He was not thinking of bandits or killers or shovers of queer currency when he stepped into the police station that autumn evening. As a matter of fact, his mind was busy with a new overcoat which he had just bought and put on his back. He wondered if it looked just right and how it sat on the shoulders.

"Hammond," said Chief Hansen, "go with Mr. Ingalls and see if you can pick up the man that's been handing out these bills."

The detective nodded, rebuttoned his overcoat and went out into the street. Three blocks away, Ingalls spotted the stranger in a drug store. The candy shop man and the detective stood in the shadows and waited for their prey to come out. In a minute the man opened the door, and as he did so the officer clapped a hand on his shoulder and commanded him to come along.

There was no fuss or resistance. Instead, the captive looked quietly at the officer, nodded assent, and turned to go as directed. Garcia Ingalls saw that his work was done and returned to his shop.

So the detective and his unknown captive started to walk up Western Avenue toward the police station.

It was Halloween and the street was crowded, after the fashion of the West, with youthful merrymakers, some of them masked and prancing on the walks, others carrying lanterns and horns or showering one another with beans and rice. A girl stepped before the detective and the prisoner and impudently blew a horn in their faces. They grinned and she skipped along.

At the corner of Jefferson Street, Hammond turned his prisoner and drew him quickly along toward the police station. They walked a short half block and started across an alley next to the fire station.

Suddenly the prisoner wrenched away from the powerful officer and sprang free, darting up the alley. Hammond ran after his man, waiting for nothing.

The hunted fellow whipped out a long black pistol, and fired. The shot went wild. Heedless of death, the officer pressed on. Another bullet sang past his ear and lodged in a window across the street. Still the policeman attacked. The man at bay steadied himself and fired again, with the muzzle of the gun so close that it burned the new overcoat of the officer.

For a second the detective shuddered and recoiled, deep stung as though a hot saber had been stabbed through his body. But again he closed in, caught the weapon in one hand and threw his strong free arm about the form of the smaller and weaker criminal. So they struggled for a moment till Hammond got a full grip on the gun and tried to tear it from the other's grasp.

Once more the pistol went off. This time it was the crook who twitched and pulled back. The ball had passed through his left hand. In that instant of instinctive retreat, the officer got the gun into his hand and turned it upon his foe.

The disarmed prisoner turned once more and dashed up the alley, but too late. A quick shot from his own gun in the hands of the detective brought the bad man down in his tracks with a bullet through the lungs.

Even as the hunted felon fell, the officer staggered against the wall of the firehouse and collapsed. An officer in uniform ran up with pistol drawn.

"Get him; he got me," Hammond managed to stammer in his agony.

The patrolman took a few steps toward the prostrate figure of the thief and sent a bullet plowing through the arm and chest.

POLICEMEN and citizens came running. The fallen crook was carried into the police station, where he gasped and died in a ring of blood. The wounded Hammond managed to stagger to his chief's desk on the arm of a brother policeman. He made a motion to salute and handed in the captured pistol. Less than two hours later he, too, was dead in a local hospital. He went to his end without having surmised that he had glorified his last Halloween by bringing down the most remarkable bandit of the day, the man for whom the world had been a hunting ground—Ivan Dahl von Teller, alias George Anderson, gentleman and desperado.

The following day postal inspectors telephoned from Grand Rapids that the dead prisoner might be Anderson, and later came other Federal officers with their photographs and fingerprints and their vivid remembrances of the highwayman's bitter, sardonic face.

When identification had been made complete, word came from William J. Baker of Rochester, Dutch Anderson's old friend and attorney, who claimed the body and took it home for burial. It was he who told the story of the unfathomable man.

There is a touch of ironic pathos in the end of this extraordinary being. The "greatest bandit of the decade," as he had been called by the police, the man who took millions in one coup, came to grief putting down a slovenly twenty-dollar queer one that a clerk in a small-town bank could spot at sight. The master criminal was trapped doing the work of fools and underlings. To such a pass the pressure of the hunt and of the criminal game had brought the dread Dutch Anderson.

With the payment of one thousand dollars to the widow of Detective Hammond, Liberty concludes publication of its first series of weekly hero awards. One award has been made weekly for twelve weeks. It is not Liberty's purpose to discontinue the recognition of acts of distinguished public service. One hundred dollars will be paid to persons to bring such deeds of valor to our attention. Awards will not be made each week, however. Acts of exemplary heroism will be recognized and chronicled in Liberty as they are revealed to us. You may expect other thrilling hero stories at any time.

Who Are the Eleven Greatest Football Players of the Year?

SEVENTY-SIX of the leading football coaches of the United States have co-operated with Liberty in selecting the eleven men most deserving of positions on a truly All-American football team, and the consensus of their opinions will be published in next week's issue.

In addition Liberty will publish an All-Eastern, All-Pacific Coast, All-Mid-Western, and an All-Southern team. These sectional teams will be selected by William Roper of Princeton, Fielding H. Yost of the University of Michigan, Dan McGugin of Vanderbilt University, and Andrew Smith of the University of California, four of the greatest coaches in the country, from the candidates named by the other experts.

In this way every player on the more than four hundred and fifty college teams in the country has a far fairer chance of making the All-American team than ever before. Watch for the names of the eleven successful players in . . . .

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

Out with Santa Claus

BEN BEARD, just back from the tropics, swung into the street from one of New York's tallest office buildings, snuggled into the turned-up collar of his overcoat as a wet, biting December wind swooped around the corner. Then, as his lungs took in great gulps of the frost-laden air, he straightened his broad shoulders, lifted his head, blessed each crystal of sleet as it stung his face. Lord, but it was good to breathe cold air! Good to be home again!

Home! He jammed his hat down upon his head. New York might be home by comparison with Central America, but it was a darned long way from Kansas City. Here he had sweat blood to get the job done ahead of time, had actually accomplished it, earning a neat little bonus for the firm, and had had dreams of getting home for Christmas with mother and dad, the little sister, and the old crowd.

Mere dreams! The firm had been appreciative, had shared the bonus with him in a sporting way, and to show their appreciation were going to put him in charge of the biggest thing he had yet handled.

"We're going to let you build that dam in Mississippi," Tuttle had said. And how joyfully Ben's heart had thumped. "Send you out there next week. Come in Monday and look over the plans."

Monday! This was Thursday and Christmas Eve. Ben had not exhibited the least reluctance, because every junior engineer with Tuttle & Bang had been hoping for that assignment. But it meant no Kansas City for him. It meant being outside of things at the very time of all the year when one wanted to be part of somebody's holiday-making.

He wanted to play with his own kind, to go to a party where folks would be glad to see him, where there would be lovely, radiant girls to dance with; white girls, wearing clothes. The thought came over him that he would like to meet one of those writers who describe the glowing charms of uncivilized women, children of Nature. He never wanted to see one again.

And how he wished he knew just one fine girl to take out and spend part of that bonus on, a girl of the sort that had always been around in his college days!

Well, all that was about as far away as Kansas City.

He stopped at a crowded Forty-second Street crossing, one of the worst. Street cars were creeping along at an approximate speed of three feet for every clang of the motorman's gong. Taxicabs, three abreast, hurtled forward in response to the traffic officer's signal, turning right, turning left. And in and out squirmed those pedestrians who will always hazard their lives to gain a minute or two.

The bold bright eyes of a girl pausing in the middle of the street picked out his stalwart form admiringly. She darted skillfully through the traffic, made the sidewalk, slid, slipped, almost directly into his arms. He caught her, planted her on her feet, and as she gasped for breath against the wind, she exclaimed softly, "My! How strong you are!" And then, coyly: "Going my way?"

She was good-looking; she was lively; he was lonesome. But he shook his head. "Child of Nature!" he murmured enigmatically. She giggled. He lifted his hat and went on.

He trudged through the slush to the moderate-priced hotel at which he put up. A few blocks away he could see the glimmering lights of one of the city's most fashionable, most luxurious hotels. Why not dress up and go over there for dinner, see people having a good time, anyway? Maybe a musical comedy afterwards.

Now in that very hotel, at a window of her private suite, Mrs. Thomas Olcott, widow of an upstate magnate, was standing gazing drearily into the street below. She had nowhere to go—no husband, no children, no one she cared anything about. No Christmas! What a world!

She called her maid, had her person arrayed in a creation of silver brocade which would have suited her still better if her gray hair had not been vividly dyed with henna, dropped a long string of real pearls over her head, clasped a jeweled collar close about her thin neck, and hung a pair of splendid sapphires at her ears. Then, with a kind word to the maid, one of the few human beings whom she viewed without suspicion, Mrs. Thomas Olcott went spiritlessly toward a lonely dinner.

Nancy addressed the woman. "I'm afraid something terrible has happened to me,"

A Short Story in Which Christmas Eve Loneliness Almost Leads a Lovely Lady to the Lockup

By M. S. B. KORSMEYER

Pictures by CHARLES D. MITCHELL

she said. "Were they pearls?" "They were," said Mrs. Olcott, unbendingly hostile.

In the dining room she was the only solitary occupant of a table. Groups and couples everywhere—oh, why couldn't Thomas have lived? The good times they had had together!

A mist came before her eyes. She made a quick, spontaneous gesture, and her glass of water flew splintering to the floor. As a boy rushed to pick up the pieces, to sop up the water, she gave him merely a glance of annoyance as though both himself and the glass had no business being in the way. But when from the tail of her eye she saw him frantically dabbing at the trouser leg of a young man who had had the mischance to be passing at the same time as the glass, she bestowed a second glance, dignified, deprecatory.

It was a nice-looking young man, very nice, indeed; and instead of appearing to view the matter as an intentional insult on the part of the management, he was smiling about it.

"I'm really sorry," said Mrs. Olcott.

"Nothing at all! Doesn't matter in the least!" he replied. In another moment he was seated at one of the tables directly before her and was studying the menu.

Mrs. Olcott studied him. What a boyish smile he had, almost ingenuous! Such friendly eyes! Such a hard chin and smooth jaw! She nibbled her dinner, keeping her eyes on her plate. Presently she watched him light a cigarette, saw his eyes follow each outbreak of animation in the room, and then it flashed over her warmly, "Why, he is lonely tonight! Like me!"

At this comprehension of their mutual state, all unaware, she smiled. By the merest chance he looked her way. He saw the smile and the embarrassed quiver which followed it. Being a gentleman, he smiled in return and retired into contemplation of the menu.

A shower of sparks was shaken from her agitated ears as she mentally reproved herself. What a way to act at her time of life! And then—at her time of life—why, that made it entirely all right! She might be his mother, if she had married young enough; anyway, an aunt. If she would only remember her age, instead of trying so hard to forget it, she would realize that no one would suspect her of attempting a flirtation.

AND he was thinking: "Is the lady trying to get a message across to me? Frisky party! Must have been a live wire in her day. Easy to look at yet, though the glitter rather hurts your eyes." He scrupulously avoided looking at her. Yet before long their glances did cross; and this time he was sure that she wanted to say something. Being a direct chap, he rose and went straight toward her, smiling, deferential.

"I beg your pardon," he began. "I hope you are not worrying about that glass of water."

"I'm very sorry," she replied, awkwardly. And then, inventing rapidly, "You know, you resemble a nephew of mine. He was to have been with me this Christmas. I miss him."

"I am sure he is missing a great deal," said Ben. "He has my sympathy." And he would have withdrawn.

"Christmas is no time to be alone," she remarked, her fingers tapping upon the table.

"I agree with you there," he answered. "I have been wishing myself at home, a couple of thousand miles away."

"Then you don't live in New York?"

"I merely arrive periodically to collect money and instructions for the next job."

"Oh! Then you're alone this evening?"

"Very." He bowed and took one step away.

"Wait a minute." At her boldness she could feel her heart knocking in her bosom. "If you really are not expecting anyone to join you, why not have the waiter bring your order to my table? I'll accept you as my nephew. For one evening," she stipulated, quickly.

"You pay me a great compliment." He parried for time. Let himself in for an evening with this dame? Still, prospects had been dull enough. A touch of adventure here, perhaps.

The candid, boyish smile which was his greatest attraction overspread his features. "I'll be happy to be adopted." He seated himself opposite her. "My name is Ben Beard. I'm an engineer, with the firm of Tuttle & Bang. Shall I call you Auntie?"

She laughed. "You needn't do that. Call me Mrs. Olcott."

So he proceeded to address himself to her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[OUT WITH SANTA CLAUS Continued from Page Nineteen]

exactly as he would were she a charming and very slightly unconventional young lady of twenty-five instead of a perfectly proper person in the middle forties. He told her how a few months of the wilderness make a man hunger for the superrefinements of civilization.

"That is why I happen to be here," he said. "I haven't reached the degree of affluence which would enable me to live at your hotel, but I came over just to wallow in the atmosphere for an hour."

She liked his frankness.

"I believe it would do you good to indulge in another degree of atmosphere," she said. "I have a card to the Venezia Dancing Club. Let's go over for a while." And she had the head waiter telephone to reserve a table.

They arrived early at the Venezia. Few of the tables were yet occupied. And, since Mrs. Olcott was disinclined to appear conspicuous, they refrained at first from dancing, amusing themselves by observing their neighbors.

Then, seeing him suddenly transfixed, she looked for the object of his attention.

II.

A GIRL, erect, supple, with dark eyes and fair hair, clad in a sheathlike garment of pale gold, was entering. Something of unusual grace in her carriage, of sheer delight in her face, caused every head to turn in her wake as, with her companion, she crossed the room.

He was tall, slight of build, and, after one first glance which scrutinized the place, impassive. They seated themselves near Beard and Mrs. Olcott.

"Very pretty, isn't she?" remarked the latter. "Couldn't be anything more exquisite than that pale gold frock against this background."

"Silver is good with these violet shades," he answered loyally; "especially with your hair—a study for a painter." And the while he was thinking: "Now, there's a girl. I'd go back to Central America for another five months for an evening with her." So that he scarcely heard his lady when she said, with a little acerbity, "I don't ask flattery, even from my nephew. You may tell me that I dance well, after you've found that out; for I always have, and still do. But no painter is looking for me—not now."

He did not dispute her.

"The floor is filling up," said he. "Come, let's dance."

It was true that she danced beautifully and with distinction, so that he forgot she was forty-odd and he twenty-five. Their rhythm was perfect, and people seated at the tables liked to watch the two, among them the man and the girl who had just come in.

"I imagine they have danced together a great deal," said the girl. "Do you suppose he is her son?"

The man with her smiled, a smile which bent the corners of his mouth downward. "No; she is too young."

The girl lifted her eyebrows without comment.

"A girl as young as you, Miss Nancy Middleton, considers every woman over thirty a possible grandmother."

"She must be a very rich grandmother. Did you ever see such wonderful jewels? I suppose she is someone very prominent in New York. Can you guess who?" Her eyes were wide with excitement.

"Probably she is nobody," said he, with a touch of contempt. "Women who put on a grand display of jewels to wear in a place like this are pretty sure to have nowhere else to show them." And, while she pondered, he added: "Besides, it's a foolish thing to do. Shady characters are everywhere in the night life of a great city. They can't be all kept out, because they're not all known."

"She looks as though she might be somebody," the girl persisted. "And the young man—I think he looks really distinguished."

He laughed. "Don't be too ready to accept people on their appearance. That may seem queer, coming from me. But you're a stranger and kind-hearted. I've seen you in the house, and our landlady has dropped a few remarks. My advice is to consider everyone you meet an impostor until he has proved the contrary."

"Why, Mr. Steele!" she exclaimed.

"NOW, this young man," he went on, "is probably one who likes this kind of life and can't afford to pay for it. So he attaches himself to some middle-aged woman who can. If luck is with him, he may eventually meet a rich girl through her who will marry him. Then he'll be fixed for life."

Repelled and bewildered, she turned from contemplation of so unworthy an object. "How sordid!" she murmured.

"New York is full of them," he assured her, cynically. "They're a type. You'll be able to recognize it, some day. Meanwhile, don't have much to do with people until you've learned more about them than they've told you themselves. That's my advice, which, of course, nobody wants."

"If I had been following that course," she said, "I should not have come with you this evening, should I?"

He nodded.

"Quite true. But you only came because it is Christmas Eve

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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and you took pity on me moping in my room."

"Oh, I was the moping one," she replied shortly. "I wouldn't have cried if I had suspected anyone was within hearing."

"I know," he answered with a smile which came grudgingly. "We all have a feeling for Christmas, though it's never meant much to me. Now, what shall we have?"

Nancy Middleton was pleasantly subduing hunger with creamed mushrooms when Ben and Mrs. Olcott repassed returning to their table. She was perfectly aware that the regardful look which the young man cast her way was not strictly impersonal, and she bestowed upon him the kind of glance which she might have given a slightly undesirable fragment of mushroom. Immediately he was very attentive to Mrs. Olcott.

"I'm fond of jewels," Mr. Steele remarked, having fully observed the passing lady without so much as a perceptible raising of the eyelids. "I always carry a few with me. I understand them. Now, pearls are unhappy worn by an aging person. They respond to youth. That woman is welcome to the other stuff she wears, but she ought to give her pearls to some young girl like you."

"Like me!" Nancy laughed. "How appropriate for my worldly position!"

"Worldly positions change," he said. "I'd like to see a string of pearls on your neck. Your skin has just that luster."

NANCY flushed slightly. "Show me some of the jewels you carry," she suggested, by way of changing the subject.

A queer expression came over his face, as though every tiny muscle had shifted position for the instant. "I showed a girl some particularly fine things one time. She put them on, and she didn't give them back."

Nancy was speechless. Her face was living scorn.

"You wouldn't do that." He spoke as though his apologetic tone were hard wrung.

"No nice girl would," she stated distinctly.

"You don't know them as I do," he replied. And slipping a hand within his coat, "Here I am going to show that I trust you."

"Oh, don't," she entreated. "I'd much rather you wouldn't."

But his hand opened carefully over the center of the table, and from it dropped half a dozen gems like bits of fire, unset.

"Flawless, every one," he said, carefully concealing them with cupped hands from possible curious glances. Look at that emerald. Pick it up."

Nancy looked with astonished eyes, but would not touch. A minute later the gems had been replaced in the special pocket, picked up in one swift movement of deft fingers.

"I love them," he said, "to handle, to look at. To me they lose some of their beauty when they're caged in settings. I like them free."

"And then no girl is so likely to get them," she said with delicate frigidity.

A dull color rose to his thin, hard face. "I'm sorry I told you that. It is so seldom I have the company of a girl or woman that I'm almost sure to offend. It is years since the episode I spoke of, and I have wanted nothing to do with girls since."

Nancy was a little sorry for him. "Was she such a disappointment to you?"

He studied her long, intently. "Well, what would you think of a sweetheart who let a man go to prison for the sake of those jewels?"

To the terrible question, asked in the most deliberate of voices, Nancy could make no reply.

"I thought she had broken my heart. But she hadn't. She only hardened it. I've thanked her since—and had no faith in anyone."

There was nothing said for some moments. "I have learned to read people from their bearing, their faces. You are high-minded, steadfast. Misfortune would never change you. You would, for instance, be the same after a prison term as before."

Nancy still maintained shocked silence.

"You are not pitying me?" he asked with a smile. "It all happened so long ago, when I was twenty, in the employ of a jeweler. So far as my own feeling about it is concerned, I am as indifferent now as if it had been someone else. In reality it was. Shall we dance?"

In a most peculiar confusion of the senses Nancy let him lead her to the floor, which was becoming crowded. They danced, or rather, walked in time to the music, as that seemed to be the extent of Mr. Steele's terpsichorean accomplishment, came back to eat a delectable salad, danced again. Mr. Steele made no further reference to the unhappy incident in his past, and she tried to banish it from her mind. Her chief final impression was that his advice to be chary of acquaintance was very sound.

However, over an ice, he reverted to the subject of pearls. "I told you I would like to see pearls on your throat. I have a string which I'll ask you to wear for the rest of the evening. I'd like you to know that I trust you."

She shook her head. "Oh, no! I might lose them or break the string. Something would be sure to happen. Moreover, there is no reason in the world why you should trust me."

"I want to prove that I do," he insisted quietly. "Let's dance this." And as they got up he glanced around critically. "I know a night club more attractive than this. What do you say if we move on pretty soon?"

The orchestra was fairly outdoing itself in a selection combining the best in Russian frenzy with the most seductive in fox trot, and the dancers gyrated hilariously. At one time Ben and Mrs. Olcott, Nancy Middleton and Mr. Steele chanced to step side by side down the whole length of the room. Turning, they collided slightly. Ben was glad of the chance to murmur apologetically as they separated, and Nancy's contemptuous opinion of him was shaken by his very courteous dignity.

NOTHING less than exhaustion brought the dance to a close. And then Nancy, following Mr. Steele's suggestion, made ready to leave. As she lingered in the foyer, while he got into his coat, she received, without the faintest acknowledgment, yet with a tinge of satisfaction, a prolonged look of respectful regret from the young man who had been party to the collision. Then she observed that the lady with him called him peremptorily to attention, seeming very much in a temper.

Turning her head, she looked into the eyes of Mr. Steele and saw them cold and glinting. Heavens! Did he think she was flirting? But he only adjusted the fur collar of her cape with gentle hands. And what was he saying?

"You may as well put these on for me now." She felt something warm and solid slip over her neck as he drew the fur together.

"I'd much rather not wear them," she began, uncomfortably. But he was going.

"Wait just a moment till I make sure of a taxi."

He stepped out, and idly she looked back into the room. My, the young man's lady was excited. Serves him right for going out with women of uncertain ages and tempers!

Mrs. Olcott was excited, though not because of the wandering attention of her escort. What she had said was, "My God! My pearls!" clutching at the space before her bodice in which they had been lately dangling. "Don't gape at me! They're gone!"

And he had exclaimed, "So they are—the long string!" And stupidly looked under the table for them.

"Do you understand?" Her voice was electric. "My pearls are gone! They have been stolen!"

"Look in your lap," he advised. "Or they may have fallen inside your dress."

She was beckoning imperatively to the waiter. "Send for the house detective. Fly!"

IN a minute that official stood before her, anxious, beetling.

"I am Mrs. Thomas Olcott, at present living at the ——— Hotel. My pearls have been stolen within the past fifteen minutes, worth sixty thousand dollars. Detain anyone who tries to leave the place. Watch the kitchen. Search this waiter. Call the police. I will pay five thousand dollars reward." She might have been Napoleon ordering his generals.

The pale waiter turned white as death.

"Madam——" he began, imploringly.

"Shut up!" ordered the detective in a whisper. "You come with me. Please act as if nothing has happened, Mrs. Olcott. If your necklace is on the premises, I'll get it." He went off smiling officially, followed by the waiter, who looked as if he were going to cry.

Ben looked after them, then sympathetically toward Mrs. Olcott. But sympathy shrank, congealed, withered, under the expression of her eyes, so accusing, so bitter they were.

Then the detective returned.

"The waiter has nothing on his person," he informed them. "We are going through the kitchen force, in case he got the goods and passed them on. I've got several men from headquarters. Only one person has left the premises, a few minutes ago, and he's coming back for the lady."

"He may be the thief!" she ejaculated.

He pursed his lips. "No. Why wouldn't both have made a get-away? Of course, if we don't find what we want, we'll hold him when he comes. However, before we make things unpleasant for the guests, is there anyone else you could suspect? Think! Anyone jostled you on the floor? Leaned over you passing? Point them out, quietlike."

Ben opened his mouth to speak; but Mrs. Olcott spoke first, and what she said was so astounding that his sentence was never uttered.

"Search this young man."

The detective rose.

"Come with me, sir," he said, politely. Ben appeared rooted to his place.

"Search me?" he inquired. His eyes were like bits of blue ice. "You're not serious, Mrs. Olcott?"

"I never was more serious in my life." Her voice was thick, her expression uncompromising.

Ben arose. He felt that he comprehended exactly the sensations of a tiger forced to respond to the crack of a trainer's whip, watchful for its moment to tear someone to shreds. He smiled dangerously.

"I will oblige you, Auntie."

She winced, but never faltered. And he walked by the detective's side, chatting chummily.

III.

THEY walked straight past Nancy, still waiting, past the girl who attended to the checking of hats and coats. And as they passed, the check

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[OUT WITH SANTA CLAUS
Continued from Page Twenty-one]

girl looked after them wrathfully.

"Starting in on the guests now, is he?" Her low, angry voice was distinctly audible to Nancy, who turned in curious surprise.

"If you're an employee, you got no right to resist; they can line you up like a rogues' gallery, strip you, and search you." She was talking directly to Nancy now, eyes blazing. "What would I want with the old hag's necklace? What does she wear the damn things to a place like this for, anyway?"

"Why, has something been stolen?" Nancy was bewildered. "Do you mean they accused you?"

"Everybody's suspicioned. And everybody that ain't been searched is going to be." The girl's voice softened. "You couldn't even go out that door, lady—begging your pardon. They'd stop you."

Nancy stared. "Why, that's outrageous."

"That's what I say." The girl grew confidential. "The manager is crazy; he's trying to hold back the police; this may ruin the business. Nobody that's searched will ever come back. I hope they find the pearls on the fellow he just took in." She jerked her head toward the door through which the two men had disappeared.

A profound aversion to the scene crept upon Nancy; the soft luxury, the glitter, the gluttony. Searching the nice-looking young man! Could anyone who looked so decent be a thief? This was even worse than Mr. Steele's suggestions. And why didn't Mr. Steele come back? Where in the world was he?

A LIGHTNING thought struck her brain, leaving her numb. The pearls around her neck—was there any possibility . . . ? If they should take her to be searched! If these should be the other woman's pearls! How absurd, how wicked of her to imagine such a thing! "Oh, come back! Come back" she breathed! And her fingernails were cutting into her palms.

The two men returned, still chatting. There was a little tenseness about the younger. All unconsciously Nancy was watching him with strained eagerness. Their eyes met, and it seemed to her that his flashed meaningly. She turned to the check girl.

"Do you think he had it?"

"No," the girl answered. "Couldn't you tell by their faces? Well, they'll start something now. Glad it's not my funeral."

"I may as well go back to my table," said Nancy. She was actually sick with fear and shame and desperate need of covering both, but she managed to keep a tiny smile glimmering until she reached her table.

Mrs. Olcott bent forward with an eager, catlike motion as the men approached. Nancy saw that the younger leaned back, purposely indifferent to the low-spoken conversation of the other two.

Mr. Steele had not come back. And a deadly conviction gripped Nancy. With her heart like a stone in her bosom and a chill over her, as though she stood in a wet fog, she got up and went toward that table.

"EVERYBODY that ain't been searched is going to be. You couldn't even go out that door, lady. They'd stop you."

Three pairs of eyes turned sharply upon her. She dropped into a chair, clasping her hands above the table and leaning toward the woman.

"Please tell me," she began, her teeth chattering. "Have you lost something?"

"I certainly have," replied Mrs. Olcott, in a voice like a knife. "What do you know about it?"

Nancy looked from one to the other in unspeakable distress.

"We were thinking you might know something," said the detective; "you and your partner. Where's he gone?"

Ignoring him, Nancy addressed the woman. "I'm afraid something terrible has happened to me," she said, with trembling lips. "Were they pearls?"

"They were," said Mrs. Olcott, unbendingly hostile.

"Were they——?" With cold fingers she drew off the string of pearls. "Are they——? I may be doing the man a dreadful injustice! Are they these?"

Mrs. Olcott gathered the pearls toward her, vouchsafing but one sweeping glance. "Are they? I'll say they are."

"I think," said Nancy, trying to steady herself as table, chairs, and faces began to dissolve, "that I'm going to faint."

"None of that!" The detective, reaching forward suddenly, seized her wrist roughly.

"None of that!" Ben gave back the man's words with so much authority in his low tone that the hand was slowly withdrawn. "We will hear what this young lady has to say." And he held a glass to her lips.

And Nancy, gazing with concentrated effort into his kindly eyes, was able to cling to consciousness.

"There's very little to explain," she told them. "I came here at the invitation of a man who has rooms in the same house with me. I really didn't know him at all. He said he collected jewels. He asked me to wear his pearls to please him, tonight. He dropped them over my head when he was helping me into my cloak. We were going somewhere else. He went out and did not come back."

"YOUR story sounds fishy," said the detective. "We can't let you off on that."

"Not fishy at all to me," said Ben, convinced and convincing. "I can see the thing. Easiest way in the world to carry a necklace is on a woman's neck, and the last place where you'd look for one just stolen. My belief is that he observed Mrs. Olcott had discovered her loss, just after he had given the thing to this girl, and he took no chances. It is not the least bit more fishy than that Mrs. Thomas Olcott picked up the acquaintance of a perfectly strange man this evening—and invited him to take the place of an absent relative."

Mrs. Olcott, who had been an image of aloofness and disgust, crumpled, gasped something incoherent.

"Loneliness is responsible for many mistakes," he went on pointedly. "It ought to be possible to forgive them."

"I don't know anything about this girl," said Mrs. Olcott, her face scarlet. "Let her go. But I'm very sorry I misjudged you. I—I apologize."

"Pray don't," said he. "Mistakes that are caused by callousness and selfishness are different. They are not forgivable—not even on Christmas Eve. If I were you, Mr. ——"

"McAneny," the detective supplied.

"Mr. McAneny. I would collect the check for five thousand dollars."

Mrs. Olcott cried out indignant protest. "He didn't do a thing to earn it!"

"Indeed, I think he managed the matter very well, and very quietly. There aren't half a dozen people in the room who suspect anything wrong. I shall be glad to be a witness for him of your offer of the reward." Ben

produced a card and handed it to McAneny, who was having great difficulty in repressing his delight. "And I would suggest, Mrs. Olcott, that you retain him as a bodyguard to conduct you back to your hotel. This young lady is in no condition to go home alone. If she will tell me where she lives, I shall be very glad to take her there. Unless, Mrs. Olcott, you will take care of her."

"I have no desire to run into a den of thieves," she answered tartly.

"I have a very strong desire to meet the particular thief who honored us this evening. I am going to look for him."

Nancy borrowed a pencil from the detective and wrote on a corner of the menu card.

"This is my name," she said to him, "and my address. Do you want to come and see if I am speaking the truth?"

The man hesitated.

"Go, by all means!" ordered Mrs. Olcott.

But Ben Beard lifted a hand, persuasively, speaking suavely. "Don't do it, Mr. McAneny. If you think the young lady is not safe with me, have a policeman accompany us. You sit tight and collect your money. Don't accept a compromise. You've done good work. It should be a pleasure to Mrs. Olcott to pay you. It will be."

"Sure," replied the detective. "The lady's safe with you. We'll leave the regular force out of this part of it."

To Mrs. Olcott, in whose eyes baleful tears were rising, Ben bowed with a deference to age which left her helplessly raging.

"Good-night, Auntie! Merry Christmas, Mr. McAneny!"

"Merry Christmas, sir!" His eyes twinkled. "It will be a fat stocking this year, sure!"

"Anything to get you out of there," said Ben quietly, as soon as the taxicab was safely on the way. "May I ask if there isn't some friend to whose house you can go for tonight? I very much doubt that it's safe for you to go back to your room. He may come after the necklace."

NANCY quailed. "There is no one. I've come to study music, and as yet I haven't made friends. I could go to a hotel."

Ben was thoughtful. "Let's go to your house first, to see if the gentleman is waiting for you."

He unlocked the door with her latchkey, keeping her behind him, and stepped into the hall.

"Nobody here," he said. And she entered. "Where did you say his rooms are?"

But Nancy, looking sharply about the dim hall, espied an envelope on the table. She picked it up. "Addressed to me." And, tearing it open, she read:

MY DEAR MISS MIDDLETON:

It is only when I am sentimental that I ever bungle. I was in too much of a hurry to have you wear the pearls. I trust that my failure to return did not greatly inconvenience you. I perceived that it would be inopportune. If you still have the pearls, keep them as a Christmas remembrance of

ONE WHOM YOU WILL NOT MEET AGAIN.

They looked at each other. She laughed hysterically, and her hand went to her throat. "I seem to have been out with Santa Claus! Well, it is probably safe enough for me to stay here now."

"Wait till I see," he cautioned her. "What floor did you say?"

"Top," she answered. He flew up the stairs and in a few minutes was down again.

"The door is open and personal belongings vanished," he said. "You see, he didn't dare to chance the police coming here."

"I may as well stay," she said slowly.

"You're sure you're not afraid?"

She shook her head. "I'm sure he won't come back. Besides, there's a chain on the inside of my door. I put it on myself, the second day after I came. I'm not really so very brave, you see."

There was an awkward moment. Then she extended her hand. "Good-night. I do—I do thank you."

He took the hand. "I'll feel much better about leaving you here if you'll let me inquire early tomorrow if all's well."

A WAVE of delicate color flooded Nancy's face, while her eyes met his in questioning silence.

"I know," he went on hurriedly. "You're thinking you took a chance tonight on that chap—and it's never again! Of course, you're right. You don't know a thing about me. I have reputable business friends who will speak for me, though it might be hard to get hold of them during the next twenty-four hours. I won't intrude. But do let me just come and make sure that you're not molested."

"You know equally nothing about me," Nancy admitted humbly. "I seem to have been in the company of a professional thief and on the high road to jail. Perhaps the risk is yours."

"It will be a privilege to take it," said he.

She hesitated. "The—lady who was with you this evening? She was horrid."

"Very." He smiled expressively. "I had not met her before this evening. I shall not again, voluntarily." That was all. He waited.

"I shall be quite safe," said the girl. "But"—her eyes were shining softly—"I'd like you to come and tell me 'Merry Christmas' in the morning."

"I shall come." He was joyful. He was bold. "I shall hope that we may plan something pleasant for the day." His hand was on the doorknob.

"It ought to be easy to plan something pleasanter than jail," said Nancy in laughing confusion.

The door closed behind him. Nancy tiptoed up the stairs, smiling. After all, she thought, the mysterious Mr. Steele had been something of a Santa Claus.

And Mr. McAneny, at that moment bowing appreciatively over a lady's hand which had just finished inscribing certain figures and signature with a fountain pen, would have agreed with her.

THE END

SHE exclaimed softly, "My! How strong you are!" And then, coyly: "Going my way?"

How *It* Feels *to* Fast Longer *Than* Anyone Else—*and* Live!

What It's Like to Go Hungry for Forty-two Days, as Told by the University of Chicago's Walking Laboratory

By WILLIAM S. FORMAN

Picture by P. T. JENSEN

THE START: Frederick Hoelzel, photographed just before he began his record-breaking fast of forty-one days and seventeen hours.

THE FINISH: Frederick Hoelzel after one thousand and one hours without food. He had lost thirty-seven pounds, and considerable sleep.

JUST how long can a human go without food and live?

Twice within a period of four months has Frederick Hoelzel of Chicago established new records for fasting—plus surviving.

On the thirtieth day of last June Hoelzel ate his first meal in thirty-three days and seventeen hours—a fast that exceeded by nearly two full days the best previous accepted fasting record.

Scarcely had the scientific welkin ceased to ring over this amazing performance when Hoelzel took another notch in his belt and announced that he was out to break his own record. On August 2, at 10 P. M., he ceased eating; and from that time on until 4 P. M. on the thirteenth day of September—forty-one days and seventeen hours, or a total of one thousand and one hours—he abstained from food!

It's an official record, made under the observation of members of the faculty of the University of Chicago, as was his previous record-breaking performance lasting thirty-three days. Two fasts, one of thirty-three days and seventeen hours and the other of forty-one days and seventeen hours, within four months! A grand total of one thousand eight hundred and ten hours without a morsel of food, while the rest of the world—figuring on the basis of the conventional three squares a day—was putting away two hundred and twenty-two meals per capita!

And that isn't all. For seventeen years Hoelzel—now a husky, ruddy-faced chap of thirty-four, clear-eyed, athletic, a walking picture of health—has been subjecting his stomach to every conceivable form of dietetic experiment, from stuffing to starvation; he has lived for long periods on nothing but meat, and for other long periods without any meat at all; he has tried nearly everything from Fletcherism to vegetarianism and on through various other isms advocated by food theorists.

On one occasion during the World War, when he was an attendant in an Army hospital and thirteen of his patients refused to eat boiled calves' hearts, Hoelzel calmly sat down at a table and ate the thirteen portions himself. Somewhat contrary to his expectations, he survived the orgy; and for ten subsequent weeks he ate nothing but meat.

Nothing ever stopped Hoelzel in his enthusiasm for scientific investigation; no unexpected obstacle ever arose that he failed to hurdle. Once during a fast, when the contractions of the muscles of his rebellious stomach kept him from sleeping and, by their insistent demand for food, threatened to put a premature end to the experiment, he invented a fake "bread," made of talcum powder and petroleum jelly, which contained no nutriment at all but which made his stomach think it did contain nutriment; whereupon the stomach muscles ceased rioting and Hoelzel went on with his fast.

"I often find myself going out of my way to pass some window where food is displayed."

ON other occasions when he was abstaining from food for long periods, with his whole system beginning to revolt against this enforced cannibalism—for during these fasts the body lives by consuming its own fats—and with his sleep disturbed by dreams of steaks smothered with onions, Hoelzel has been known to stroll casually down old South Water Street in Chicago and there, amid the odor of foodstuffs, he would stand and watch the wholesalers load their trucks with a day's supply of edibles for some three million hungry people. He would do this

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 27]

"Heat is Nature's Greatest Remedy"

Your Home Needs this Wonderful Hold-Heet Heating Pad

THE need for applied heat is present in every home. And the best method of applying heat to relieve aches and pains is with a never-failing, comfort-bringing Hold-Heet De Luxe Heating Pad. Leaking, clumsy, messy and always cooling hot water bags cannot compare with it for ever-ready and reliable service. The Hold-Heet pad is modern—the hot water bag is obsolete. The march of science has developed better doctors—it has brought forth the Hold-Heet heating pad. When muscles ache and skin is tender—when nerves are jumping and agony is terrifying, heat directly applied, perhaps actually wrapped around the painful part, is often the only comforting remedy. At times like these you will "bless" your Hold-Heet pad. Once you use this wonderful "first aid" you will never again put up with old fashioned bags, bottles, etc. With its unique self compensating double series thermostat and three-heat nickel-plated heat regulation switch, you absolutely control the amount of heat, low, medium, high, whichever you need. As a foot warmer the Hold-Heet heating pad is splendid.

The beautiful fluffy eiderdown cover on the Hold-Heet pad was created for skin that is too tender to touch; it "snuggles up" to aching parts with a gentle healing touch that means maximum comfort. This thick, rich white cover is made of genuine virgin eiderdown—soft and soothing—clean and inviting. Try it! The "comfy" feeling will be a revelation to you.

Tests That Insure Service

Every Hold-Heet De Luxe Heating Pad is given an actual operation test under blankets for at least one hour. Every pad has to heat properly, every thermostat must operate efficiently before the test is complete. This costs time and money that you never see, but insures to you the kind of service that you should expect from a heating pad. The Hold-Heet De Luxe Heating Pad is the outstanding quality pad of America—it has justified the confidence of its thousands of users—it will surely satisfy you. It is the only heating pad with a two-year guarantee of satisfaction. Supplied complete with washable slip; ten feet of flexible gray silk cord and a two-piece attachment plug. Packed in a beautiful green leatherette case—it makes a wonderful present for every member of the family.

No appliance has a more necessary place in your home than the Hold-Heet De Luxe Heating Pad. For only $10 you can have this splendid comfort aid handy, ready for instant service. Can you afford to be without one? No! Say firmly, "I want a Hold-Heet Heating Pad," to your dealer today.

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Eastern Office, 51 East 42nd Street, New York Canadian Office, 60 Duchess Street, Toronto

Can you imagine a finer gift than this beautiful Hold-Heet De Luxe Heating Pad? Size 12x16. Pure white eiderdown — soft and kind to aches and pains—a joy to cold feet. Examine this wonderful pad—the low price of $10 will surprise you. The same size pad known as "Old Reliable" with gray eiderdown $8. The Hold-Heet "Junior" pad, size 9½x13 inches, with gray eiderdown $5.95. All Hold-Heet pads are threecords. Make your choice now.

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a holiday's Apollo day

CHRISTMAS is almost here, and gift suggestions are the order of the day.

So, to our always appreciative friends, we wish simply to present the latest Apollo creation—TRIPLE SEAL.

If you are unacquainted with the quality of Apollo, you will probably wonder whether the contents of this splendid gift-package can live up to the promise of its brilliant and beautiful exterior.

Our best and only answer is inside the package, kept fresh and dainty by three separate seals: the transparent cellophane wrapper, the band of gold paper sealing the box itself, and the individual colored foil wrappings on each tempting chocolate. A more splendid (and reasonably priced) Christmas gift cannot be found.

IF YOU'LL clip this coupon, write in your name and address, and enclose a quarter, we'll send you at once a special Introductory Size of Triple Seal—a charming miniature of the full-size box, containing several delicious reasons why *Apollo day's a holiday.*

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

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F. H. Roberts Co., 128 Cross St., Boston

Apollo Chocolates are made by
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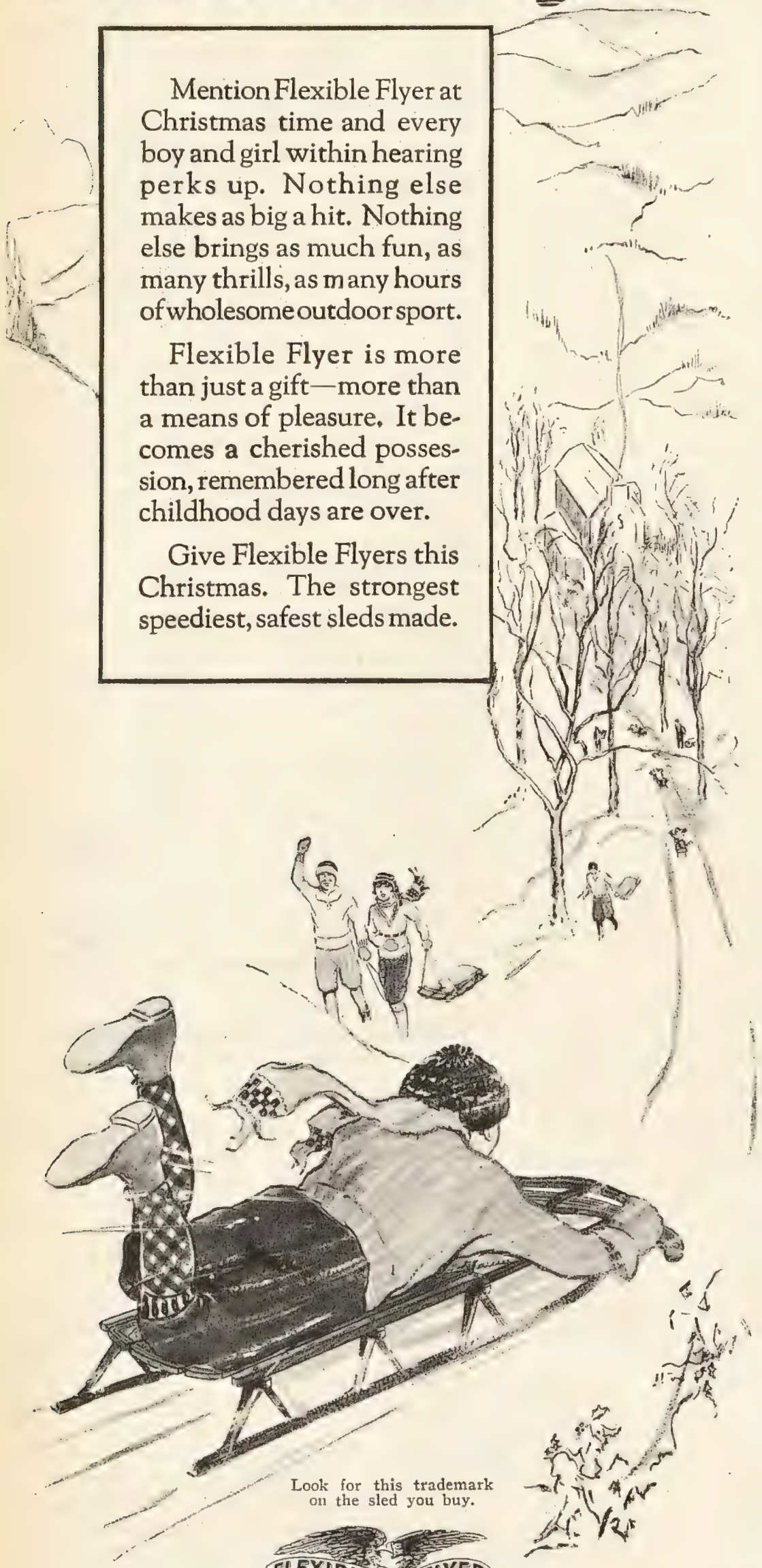
You give all outdoors when you give a *Flexible Flyer*

Mention Flexible Flyer at Christmas time and every boy and girl within hearing perks up. Nothing else makes as big a hit. Nothing else brings as much fun, as many thrills, as many hours of wholesome outdoor sport.

Flexible Flyer is more than just a gift—more than a means of pleasure. It becomes a cherished possession, remembered long after childhood days are over.

Give Flexible Flyers this Christmas. The strongest speediest, safest sleds made.



Look for this trademark on the sled you buy.

FLEXIBLE FLYER

Ask your dealer, or write us for Free cardboard model showing how Flexible Flyer steers and how to get an "Expert Coaster" button. S. L. Allen & Co., Inc., Dept. 49, Philadelphia.

The sled that *really* steers!

[HOW IT FEELS TO FAST Continued from Page Twenty-seven]

tended to refrain from eating proteins, such as meat, eggs, fish, etc., in order to get certain data on the secretions of the stomach after fasting—data which could be obtained only in this way.

"For two weeks I remained on a diet consisting mainly of fruit, vegetables, cream, olive oil, and butter. My weight increased from day to day. At first the increase seemed to be normal; but it soon became apparent that edema (a condition like dropsy) had developed. It resembled the so-called 'jail edema' or 'war edema' resulting from unsatisfactory diet.

"In two weeks my weight had increased by twenty-one pounds. Part of this may have been due to the normal process of fattening, but I believe the larger part was due to edema. Therefore I began to eat freely of proteins—chiefly meat—and during the next nine days I ate on an average of more than four pounds of meat daily.

"The result was that I continued to increase in weight, but slowly. Eating only moderate quantities of food, I continued to gain in weight, so that thirty days after the fast ended I was within two pounds of normal weight.

"From my experiments with and without liberal proportions of proteins in the diet after prolonged fasting I am convinced it is best to eat proteins freely.

"However, in the matter of fasting, each subject to some extent seems to be a law unto himself; and it is difficult to lay down any rigid rules. Common sense must govern each individual experiment; and, while I believe some benefits may be derived from prolonged fasting, I do not believe any person is justified in starving himself just to see what will happen, any more than he is justified in cramming his stomach with food for the pure pleasure of eating."

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Drying Wetter Than Before

My small son, after taking a bath, began to cry. I went to see what was the matter and he said, "I dropped my towel in the bathtub and it's drying me wetter than I was before."
—J. K., Seattle, Wash.

* * *

"Cooling Them Cows"

Billy visited the country for the first time to see his uncle. Seeing the big windmill on the farm, with a herd of cows grazing on the field, he exclaimed gleefully:

"Gee, Uncle Tom, that is some electric fan you got there cooling them cows!"—M. H., Baltimore, Md.

$1250 in Prizes!

SOME good cook--perhaps you---will win $500 for the best recipe for MINCE MEAT pudding, cookies or cake. Another will win $250. There will be 265 prizes in all, in the big None Such recipe contest.

1st prize	$500.00
2nd "	250.00
3rd "	100.00
4th "	50.00
5th "	25.00
Next 5 prizes each	$10.00
" 5 " "	5.00
" 250 prizes each a Pyrex Pie Plate worth $1.00.	

You'll find our present best recipes for pudding, cookies and cake made with Mince Meat on every NONE SUCH package or in our "Mind Reader Recipe Book", offered free below.

The contest starts NOW --- closes March 1, 1926. There is plenty of time for you to perfect your recipes; but don't put off getting started. You have as good a chance as any woman in America to be a big prize winner!

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

Fun for All the Family!

To get this interesting "None Such Mind Reader Recipe Book" free, sign name and address below. Puzzle your friends with Mind Reader feature. Improve on Mince Meat cake, cooky or pudding recipes and win an award in the big prize contest.

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Please send me Booklet described above.

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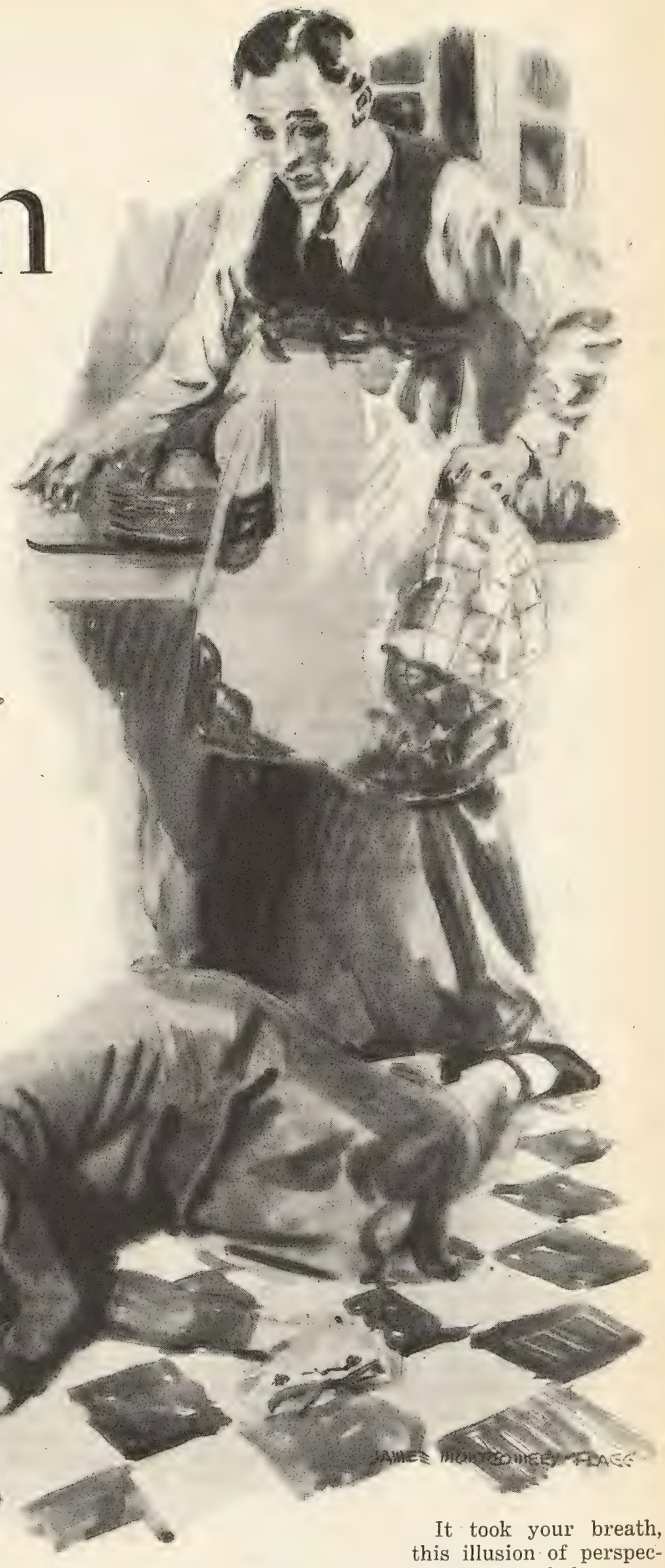
Liberty's $50,000 Prize Story

Mannequin

A Serial of a Girl's Destiny and the Law



By FANNIE HURST

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

THIS is the third installment of Miss Hurst's thrilling serial of modern American life. It does not matter if you missed the preceding parts of the story, because they were not vital to Miss Hurst's principal theme.

In brief, what has so far been told is that SELENE HERRICK—up to this time the principal woman in the story—is the enterprising and beauty-loving wife of a young lawyer. Symbolic of her love of beauty is an orchid which blooms in a window box in her tiny apartment. Selene's desire for exquisite things and occasional extravagance in buying them dismay her husband, JOHN LESTER HERRICK, a man of great talent and impeccable honesty.

Thanks to these qualities and the friendship, fostered by Selene, which he forms with JUDGE RHINCOOP, a power in the legal world, and NEGAARD WING, a prominent corporation lawyer, John begins to progress in his profession.

At length the time comes when Selene can indulge her desire to have a nursemaid for JOAN HERRICK, the eighteen-month-old daughter of the house. She engages ANNIE POGANY, a frowsy, slow-witted creature, whose stupidity is relieved by her love for Joan. Unknown to Selene, Annie's love develops into an overwhelming desire to have Joan exclusively to herself.

Miss Hurst makes it apparent to the reader that a tragedy is impending in the Herrick household. And now you can begin to read the story.

IT WAS Selene's allegedly harmless pastime of afternoon browsings into remote little side-street shops and auction rooms that ultimately was to precipitate a crisis in the Herrick household.

The kind of a crisis that for the rest of her days was to leave a scar across the heart of Selene Herrick. As if a knife had been plunged and withdrawn, so that the wound had closed with a pucker. Long after the happening was buried in years and the hair of both of them had whitened with the length of the interval, that little shirred place remained against Selene's heart. A healed scar. But, none the less, a scar.

Selene could no more have helped coveting that scarf . . . the scarf that precipitated the crisis. It hung in the exhibition rooms of the Art Auction Galleries in East Fifty-fourth Street. A scarf about a yard square, edged in fringe more than half its width. An arresting scarf of about the red of berry stain and with a motif of those berries, which might have been crushed to make its dye, heavily embroidered in the center and petering out into scatterings of just single globules toward the four corners. But what actually made this scarf strange enough to arrest the eye was that behind the cluster of berries was embroidered the flash of the wings and the brilliant gold and blue plumage of a flamingo. You caught the tip of his beak, the curve of his claws, and the dash of his coloring more than you did any definite contour.

Selene, with a cry that plunged into the silence like a rapier, pitched forward on her face.

It took your breath, this illusion of perspective created by mere embroidery. It was the kind of piece covetous Selene, had she dared, would have loved for a table throw, or, better still, to toss lightly across the foot of little Joan's perambulator as the days became milder and the astrakhan cumbersome.

"Rare square of old Chinese embroidery; thirty-two inches by thirty-two inches," said the catalogue. "Mulberry and flamingo shades against mulberry background. Double knotted silk fringings."

It was a piece that would probably bring hundreds. It was a piece to covet just for the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MANNEQUIN
Continued from Page Twenty-nine]

bittersweet ache of wanting loveliness. But in the end, at the auction the next afternoon, it did not bring in hundreds.

Strangely enough, on probably just the fluke of this or that circumstance, the auctioneer's gavel faltered at ninety dollars. Hung there. Importuned there. "Going—going at the ridiculous price of ninety dollars."

Selene, sitting there in quiescent mood of mere spectator of the unattainable, suddenly jamming her fingernails into her palms as if she would apply the brakes to her self-restraint.

"Going—going—at ninety dollars—ladies and gentlemen, do you realize what is happening—this superb piece of Chinese embroidery, authentic—priceless beauty—one of its kind—out of the collection of the late R. H. Rivingont, Grosvenor Square, London—a piece for a connoisseur—going—going—at ninety dollars——"

And then Selene, with her stiff lips, bidding there on the outside of herself. Somebody over whom she had no control. Bidding in a light, clear voice that came firmly.

"One hundred."

It was incredible. This thing, this precious mellowed antique work of beauty falling into her hands for one hundred dollars. Even the auctioneer on the fall of his gavel, familiar with her pretty face and her sometimes wee and timorous biddings, threw her a look and a smile. "You got a bargain there."

It took away the little edge of panic to her paying down the eighteen dollars deposit, all that she had in her purse, and hurrying home on the street car, the package of scarf jammed up closely, dearly, under her arm.

There was no end to the things you could think up to do with it. It lay over the top of the piano and lit up the room. It hung with exactly the right proportion and color between the dining room windows. It fitted precisely into a clumsy old niche in the foyer that had bothered her so. It lay across the perambulator in just the rich magentas that brought the bird's-wing black out in Joan's hair and eyes and lit up the pallor of her skin.

POOR Annie, who was starting out for the Mall with her charge. There was no taking the thing away from her once she beheld it dress the perambulator and enhance little Joan.

Her march down the street toward the park was the usual triumphant one, plus. From her high window peering down at them Selene could see the passers-by stare, pause, pet.

Of course there was a little bit of scare at the pit of her.

It meant asking John Lester for eighty-two dollars to pay for a scarf that by no possible manipulation of his kind of imagination could seem to be more than a secondhand red shawl.

And yet by the time John Lester came home from his office that evening Selene was quite ready for him. She had worked it all out. Her method of attack. The way to take the edge, right in the very beginning, off what was rather frighteningly sure to be an explosion of wrath, was to begin something like this, with what were sure to be these results:

John, dear, I made some money today.

Who put such ridiculous ideas into your dear little head as the need to make money?

Well, just the same, I did.

How?

Bought something.

That sounds like spending money.

Nope. Bought something for one hundred dollars and can sell it tomorrow, if I've a mind to, for at least two hundred and fifty.

That's fine, you little business man, you. But, whatever it is you bought, you keep. We're not buying and selling merchandise yet.

That was the way she had worked it all out. But this is the way that it happened:

To begin with, as John Lester explained the incredible happening to himself afterwards, he had come home with a headache.

He had them sometimes, in straight bands of steel across his eyes.

It had been a day of paneling jurors, too; a procedure that was always to be tedious and nerve-racking to him.

And then, too, eighty dollars on the eleventh day of the month, when he was in the habit of clearing up all bills on the tenth, was a matter of more moment than it might have been, say, on the twenty-fifth.

Anyway, those were some of John Lester's attempts at later justification for the thing that happened.

"John Lester," cried Selene in tones that sounded rehearsed even to herself, and perched herself on the arm of his chair in a way that jarred his headache, "What do you think?"

"I'm pretty much too all in to think, dear."

"I made some money today."

"Sounds to me like another way of saying I spent some money today."

"Why do you say that?"

"Oh, I don't know. A woman's brain can work that way sometimes. But go on, put me right if I'm wrong."

"Oh, you—you take the joy out of everything. I did buy something, but——"

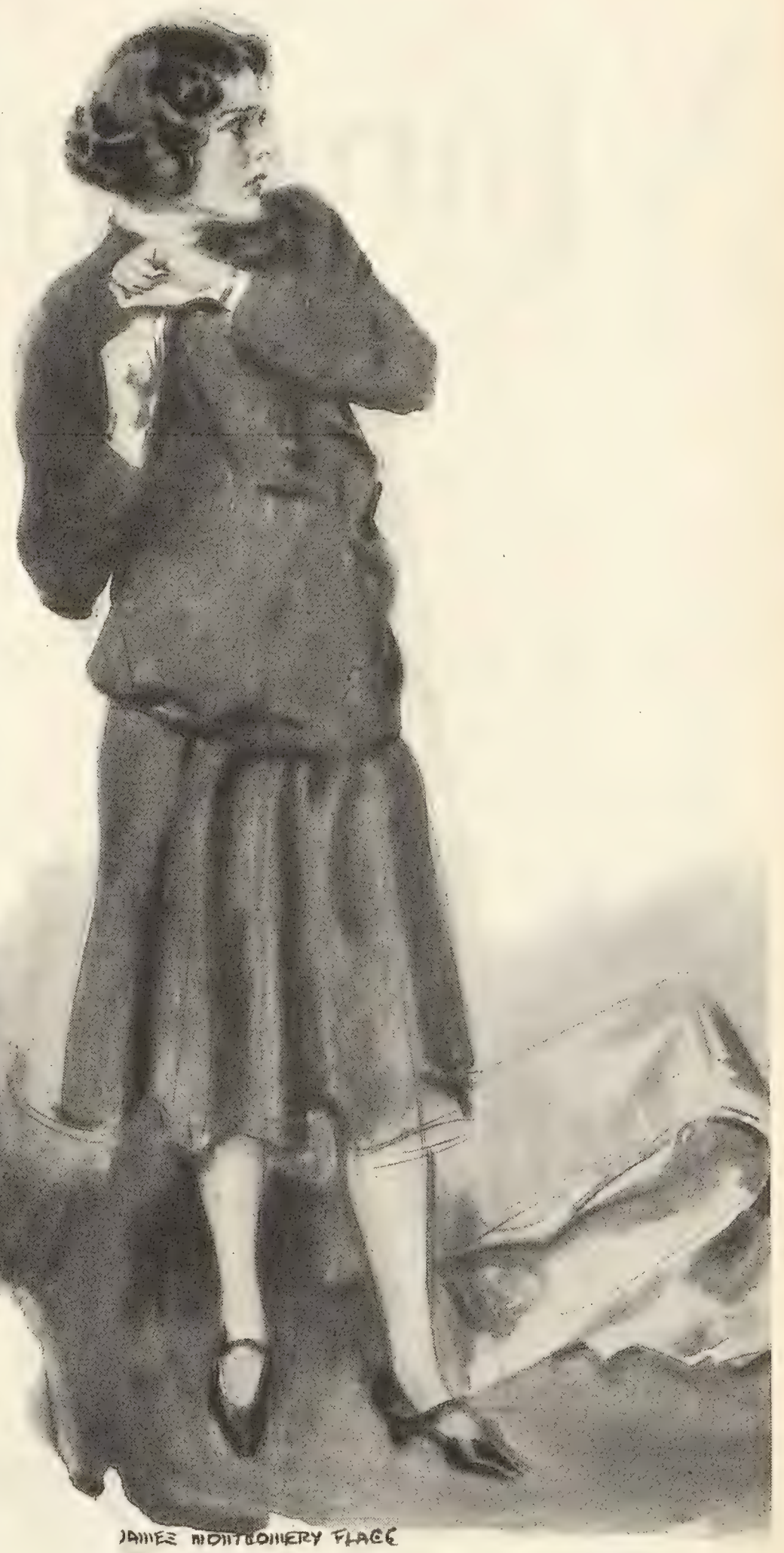
John (dryly): I thought so.

Selene: Of course, if you won't let me go on.

John: Go on.

Selene (in a rush of words): I bought a rare antique scarf for Joan's coach. The child will take cold in spring weather with that heavy astrakhan one. I can sell it back tomorrow for twice what I paid for it. The—the man said so. It's just one of those things that can happen sometimes. Luck. Knocked down to me for a song. One hundred dollars. I paid eighteen down, John. Promised to send check by mail tonight, so they let me bring it home. Can sell it back tomorrow for twice what I paid for it. Even the auctioneer congratulated me . . .

Poor Selene, the words began to sound a little silly, but she kept repeating them because the thing that was happening to John was something that she could not have foreseen. Nor could he.



"By heaven," cried John, and leaped to his feet,

John was seeing red. Literally. As he explained it to himself in the tortured hours afterwards, red disks were before his eyes. The headache, no doubt, and the depleted feeling of a man who has just met all of his too, too numerous bills.

"By heaven," cried John, and leaped to his feet, trying to grope out for Selene through the dance of the blood-red disks, "you've gone and spent a hundred-dollar bill for another rag! For a smear of a thing. Well, by God, you have, have you? Go get it. Quick."

"John—John—stop looking that way."

"Go get it, you hear me. Get it."

"It's not—here——"

"Where is it? Go get it then. I want that rag!"

trying to grope out for Selene through the dance of the blood-red disks.

"It's out with Joan on her perambulator."

"It is, is it? Well, when it comes back I'm going to wash your face with it, to teach you that what you've bought is a piece of rag that is soaked with my sweat and blood. You hear me? I borrowed two hundred dollars to tide me over this month's bills and still have a little margin in the bank. If I have to plunk down eighty-two dollars tonight for one of the pieces of rag you would barter your soul for—and mine—there goes that margin. That borrowed margin. Now bear this in mind. You. When that rag of a thing comes home I want to take it and wrap it around and around and around you so you can see how it feels to be gagged by things—as I am——"

Why—why it was too horrible. It was too incredible. John Lester, the slow one, like a wild beast, there. It was too horrible. It was too incredible.

"How dare you! How dare you—talk to me like this?"

"How dare I? How dare *you?* You're grinding me down by the heel. You've got your heel in my neck. I can't do my work by day for scheming by night to pay up for you. I paid three hundred and twenty dollars in bills yesterday. Your bills. When I had exactly four hundred dollars in the bank. How do you think a man feels with a family and responsibility and a balance of eighty dollars in the bank? Two dollars less than I've got to sweat out for you tonight. . . ."

"John. . . ."

"And now you've thrown away that last borrowed eighty. No man can succeed tied to a money sieve like you. You'll make a grind out of me. You'll take my future away —our future. . . ."

"How dare you. . . ."

"Yes, how dare I. A man will dare anything when he is crazed with disgust. With fear. With debt. Why don't you stay at home and run your household like a self-respecting woman with a husband with a future if he is given half a chance? Why, eh? Why? Sitting around auction rooms all afternoon. Loafing around merchandise like any old second-hand junk dealer——"

"Don't you dare . . . don't you dare call me—that——"

"How do you think it feels for a man to know that all afternoon his wife is around the town rubbing shoulders with the junk dealers? Bleeding him down to the last cent in her mania for things. Things. Things. Your place is in the home watching over your child. Not gadding the junk shops. I won't have it. You hear? I won't have it. This let-you-run-your-house-your-way agreement is all right, so far as it goes. But it doesn't go. Now you are going to run it my way."

The boiling and the swirling within Selene. If she could have seen her face she would not have known it. There was something blanched about it. Strained about it. Dead about it. And her eyes. They came out like two grapes. And when she struggled for words her lips were two wooden planks, splintery and stiff.

"Well, then, John Lester, what you have said to me this afternoon—the things you have said to me—never—never—dying day—all my strugglings—ambitions for you—efforts —make two ends meet—our baby—devotion—sacrifice—drudgery. Dinner—scrimp—Rhincoops—Wing—— Well, now, John Lester, if you think you can run this house better than I can—if I am not fit for the—for what you consider the magnificent role of your wife—I'm going h-home. I—I'm g-going back to m-mama. I'm going to where I don't have to stand the abuse of a h-husband who is too —too stingy to buy a perambulator-cover to keep his child warm—or cool—or—or—I'm going to let you run your house and your b-baby your way. If your nurse girl doesn't suit you I'm going to let you afford a better one. Here is where you are going to have a chance to prove your theories. There is cold lamb in the ice box. And milk. I'm going home and leave you to run your house your way."

"Yah—and it will be a darn sight better than the way it has been run in odd moments from the junk shops," shouted John Lester. Actually shouted and banged out of the apartment until windows, with sunset glow against them, rattled and the pewter mugs on the plate rack in the dining room rattled also, and Selene's teeth, of sick, nerve-racking frenzy.

II.

IN the light of that same sunset that lay against the Herrick windows as they rattled, sat Annie in the Mall. One of those heliotrope sunsets of early April. There lay Joan, in her coach, sleeping, the clear light on her clear little face.

For more than an hour Annie had sat looking at that face, with eyes that felt riveted as if the yearning in them had created some sort of suction. To take her eyes away from Joan was like tearing something. Like tearing flesh. . . .

Poor, strange Annie. Coveting Joan. Not wanting to go back home with her. Staving off five o'clock. Dreading the surrender of her to the young pair who would be waiting for her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MANNEQUIN
Continued from Page Thirty-one]

in the living room. Sometimes the bitterness, the bitterness of that impending surrender, welled into a tight knot that became a hard lump in her chest when she breathed.

It had never been so difficult before. Annie coveting Joan. The nights of it and the days of it. The waking to that sense of empty arms.

Suddenly, terribly, it seemed to Annie, sitting there, while one after another of the nursemaids turned their charges homeward, that this time—this time—she could not——

LITTLE JOAN, so hers, as she lay asleep. It lay beyond her powers. The surrender. The surrender to the parents. The greed and the covetousness in poor Annie. She sat there beginning to be sly with it. Beginning to be a little terrible with it.

Five o'clock. And Annie, after all the months of the secret coveting, suddenly too greedy; too greedy to rise from her bench to wheel homeward the little Joan there.

The furtive, languid mind of Annie at work. Annie, who had no actual needs. Only, only something—the something like the hand of this child to lay close to the hurt in her heart. There was the accumulated wages of seven months tied in one of Mrs. Herrick's old silk stockings down in a petticoat pocket beneath the black sateen uniform. There were places—Annie knew them, all right—where one could live remote—away—and safely with the rare preciousness of Joan. . . .

The coveting was like a pain. It cut her. It made the ball at her breast bone unbearably heavy. Annie, starveling, wanting Joan for her very own. Somehow, suddenly, here on the bench this very evening it became impossible to go home. To them. Waiting to take Joan from her. The little Joan. The lovely Joan. Annie wanted to sleep with her that night—all night — every night — alone — close — hugged there to the pain in her breast that would be no pain then.

How did one get the courage? If one took what one coveted—there were the iron barred windows and reform schools and the terrible uniforms of the brass buttons. But if one were wise—and sly—how did one get the courage to be wise and—and sly——

Sitting there in the westering light, Annie Pogany closed her eyes. One got the courage—no special way—by chance—one got the courage, if—oh, say, if the next automobile that passed should chance to be red, then one would have the courage. Chance. Suppose, just for fun, that the next automobile that passes is red. That would give one the courage. That would prove it was right to—to have Joan. If God wants me to do it—the next automobile will be red. That would give one the courage not to go—back—home——

Annie Pogany, sitting there with her eyes squeezed tight and fearful to open them. If the next automobile is red . . .

And opened them to the whizz of a long, low red one sliding by.

It was a simple matter of almost calm decision then to lift the sleeping little Joan from the nest of her pillows, wrap her tightly in the scarf that trailed fringe, and, with the warm little loveliness clutched to the hurt in her breast, turn the opposite direction from the home of the Herricks.

. . . . . .

For three days of a pain that had dulled and depleted him John Lester, torn between the impulse to rush to the railroad station and the determination to hold out as long as possible, tramped up and down his neglected office when he was not tramping up and down his neglected home.

Outrageous unsuspected streaks of tenacity in this woman he had thought he called his own enough to know her every quirk and folly.

Sometimes, in spite of himself, something like a smile did flit across John Lester's stolid face. After all, the adorable nonsense and pluck of her.

But only for an instant. John Lester wanted his wife. And John Lester wanted his child. And there his anger flared again. How could Selene drag that child on the drafty ride to Peekskill. He knew, too, his mother-in-law's tendency to overfeed the youngster. . . .

After all, if Selene held out one day longer, he would swallow his pride and go after her.

III.

POOR Selene. She hated the house in Peekskill. She had hated it as a child. Outlandish wooden affair. With years upon years of the nervous habit of her mother of constantly, constantly talking. And the damp and moldy interior of that house was filled with a definite, tangible smell, inseparable from it. The smell of the pipefuls upon pipefuls of silence her father, up to the date of his death, had smoked into that chattering.

The three days back there with her mother. The chatter. The chatter. The chatter. Dear, interested, eager chatter, innocent of Selene's tragedy of tempest-in-teacup. Selene could no more have told her mother that this was any more than a voluntary pleasure week-end. Selene, whose brain was bursting with wanting to think—wanting to think her way out, sub-

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merged in three days of the chatter-and-chatter.

It was not only John Lester, although her heart was dreary for him. But, hour after hour, and with a gnawing that was actually physical, Selene was wanting her baby. Of course it was worth it. Teaching John his lesson. Teaching him, even if it were to take a week at home from his office, grinding into him a consciousness of the harassed routine of housekeeping that he took all too lightly.

Leave it to John Lester, Selene kept repeating under her anxiety, not to neglect the baby, and Annie, in her poor, foggy way, would help. The real worry was that, after the manner of the overnervous father, John would be all too apt to sicken the child with his over-attention. But what if—what if Joan should lie in a draft or fall out of bed, or Annie forget to turn off the electric iron or John let his bath water run over or—the what-ifs. For the three days of her exile they maddened Selene. They beat up about her like a cloud of bees. The what-ifs. What-if!

It was hard holding out against the pain in her heart for her husband and baby. So hard that on the third day, and to the buzzing of the what-ifs, all of her pride went out suddenly like a lamp. Selene was wanting John Lester. Wanting to feel her cheek against his rough coat. Wanting to sob out to him all the remorseful hurting things pride had held back. And Selene was wanting her baby. By the end of the third day Selene could have crawled on all fours those fifty-one miles to her baby.

When Selene walked into their little apartment that evening John Lester, in a kitchen that was littered with dishes with egg crusts on them, was standing looking out of the window over the waves of the roofs—tugging at his underlip in a fashion he had when nervous.

Of all things that John Lester might have been doing upon her return, the sight of him there with her apron ridiculously tied about his waist and tugging at his nervous lower lip, was the one thing more than she could bear.

Selene, in her relief to be home, burst in upon him, knowing all the while that Joan was probably asleep and sure to be awakened, but unable to control the long cry. . . .

"My dearest," said John Lester, and held her to him and kissed her hair and deep into her eyes, as if nothing short of kissing them all the way in would satisfy. "My dearest," was all John kept saying, kissing her there, holding her there, embracing her there as if he could never let go. "My dearest. My dearest."

SHE loved to kiss his eyes, too, because they were wet. She loved that wetness.

"John. John. John. No matter what comes, nothing can change things between us. Ever. Ever. Ever."

"Nothing, my dearest. Nothing. Ever. Ever. Ever. My dearest. Nothing matters except that you're home."

The two of them breathless and sobbing. Like children and yet so unconscious of their childishness.

"I shall never leave you again, John, for an instant."

"I was a pig not to come to you first. I was just getting ready to pack my grip. You were the biggest of the two of us, dearest."

"I'm not worthy to kiss the toe of your shoe, John."

"Don't say that, darling. It makes me ashamed. And where is——"

"And now my baby? Where is my baby? My darling? Has it been hard, darling? Has she been good? Is she asleep?"

"Joan—why——"

"I hope you don't let Annie keep her out in the park this late?"

"Why, Selene, what are you saying? Joan——?"

"John—my baby—nothing is wrong?"

"Why——"

"Don't look at me like that. I can't stand it. Where is Joan?"

"Why, Selene—I don't take it in. Good God. Don't tell me you haven't had her with you in Peekskill! Selene, where is Joan?"

"John, where is Joan?"

"Selene—good God—where is—Joan?"

"I can't bear it—tell me, quick—God—God——"

"I thought you took her."

"I left her here—with you—to—to teach you the lesson—didn't Annie bring her home to you from the park, John? John!"

"Something terrible has happened—I—haven't seen her since—I took it for granted—with—you—Selene, where is Joan?"

It was then that Selene, with a cry that plunged into the silence like a rapier, pitched forward on her face, striking her brow on the kitchen range as she went down to unconsciousness.

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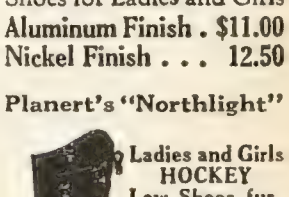

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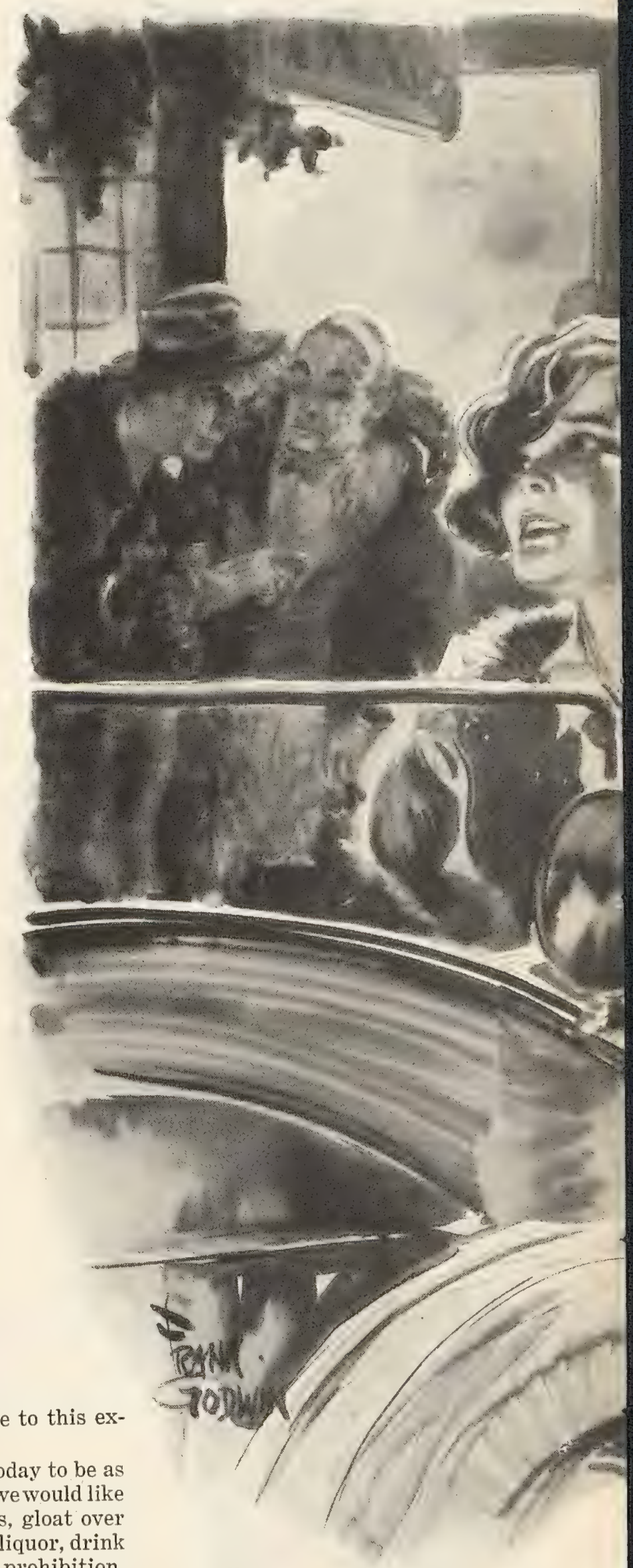
The Younger Generat

Second Article of a Series in Which the Most Discussed Social Problem of Today Is Brought Into a New and Highly Interesting Light by Representative Opinions Gathered by Liberty from 140 American and Canadian Cities and Towns

By FRANKLIN B. FARGO

Picture by Frank Godwin



PROGRESS has always moved across the United States in the direction of the sun. For generations before the Civil War murder was accounted a capital crime along the Atlantic seaboard. Yet until long after the peace of Appomattox Court House had been signed the miners of Leadville, Colorado, continued to settle their disputes with their blazing "forty-fives."

There are many other illustrations down to the present. Now the younger generation has equipped itself with raccoon coats and motor cars and decided to have done with the formality of its fathers. It is, in consequence, not surprising that we should find the East several laps in the lead before the West has got its gas tank loaded.

Summing up the reports which have come to Liberty from its correspondents in one hundred and forty representative American and Canadian cities and towns, no deduction is possible other than that our youth has gone berserk, but in varying degrees. The inquiry, as announced in Liberty last week, was directed to trained newspaper men. The information was requested because the behavior of the younger generation represents at present an almost universal topic of discussion.

Some people profess to believe that the young folks are in peril. They see in their irresponsible attitude toward the old conventions and the old restraints a menace to the institution of the home. If their viewpoint is correct, it is, of course, a matter of the utmost importance.

But other persons refuse to regard the trend of events so seriously. Will they be pardoned, they ask, if they keep their tongues in their cheeks? The buggies, which were so popular in the '90's, have been reduced to firewood long since. Yet, was Old Dobbin never privy to a petting party? And what's the difference between a necking fest in a buggy and a motor car—except in miles per hour?

What, indeed? Liberty went looking for the elusive figure of Truth, and you'll find reported here an accurate account of the quest.

Reversing the order of sixty-five years ago, it is apparently in the so-called effete East that murder is being gotten away with now—if it is being gotten away with anywhere!—by a certain number of our pleasure loving sons and daughters. It is in the East, where the opportunities for indiscretions are most frequently encountered, that the evidence indicates the youngsters have gone what one may hope has been the limit—although there is no proof that it is the limit.

The South, generally speaking, appears to be frightened. But the church seems to have maintained something of its grasp on the youth of that section. At least more than in the East. The great Middle West is more or less complacent. Youth, it reports, is neither better nor worse than it always has been.

The Northwest refuses to get excited, saying that all's as well as might be expected in an age when parents refuse to be their age and set bad examples for their young. But in spite of this wide variety of opinion there are a few facts which obtain generally. You may regard them as alarming—or not—as you please:

1. The children of today are as sophisticated in the ways of the world as were the parents of yesterday. The Fundamentalists in religion are inclined to lay this to existing liberality of thought in the schoolroom. Others ascribe the condition to a natural progress of scientific thought.

2. There is a growing disregard by youth for the value of parental advice. In this connection we have an illuminating contest of opinion. Some persons say the value of parental advice in this age is often and obviously low. Others declare it is as good as it ever was. This matter dovetails closely into the next general charge, which is:

3. That home influence is either bad or nonexistent. The police cleave to this explanation.

4. It is idle to expect the youth of today to be as law-abiding and parent-respecting as we would like them to be, so long as we, their elders, gloat over the possession of bottles of smuggled liquor, drink cocktails, and jest for hours about prohibition.

5. That youth, being imitative, suffers from poor example at home and abroad. You can't say "Tut! tut!" with gin-laden breath and expect anyone to take you seriously.

It seems to be generally agreed that parents are indebted principally to the war for whatever wakeful hours their children have caused them.

Undoubtedly the colleges, especially the girls' schools, had a nerve-racking period, and just as undoubtedly the faculties could not put an end to that period. They tried, but it was not until perism went out of style, and the students t selves revolted, that reaction set in.

During that postwar period the girls reli the college men to a large extent of the jo sowing wild oats. They carried flasks in t garter bands, smoked cigarettes publicly, s awkwardly, went on joy rides and petting par got expelled, and furnished the first-page hea writers with snappy material.

ON—Is It Really So Wicked?

THE six youngsters had been making merry in a so-called wine depot a few blocks from the courthouse. Someone suggested marriage. The idea was embraced. Two or three more drinks. Then to the courthouse.

he report from a small eastern town where rge university for women is established re- ts how three damsels forged the name of a eron to a pass from the grounds and stepped with three local boys, creating a terrible scan- about an all-night party at a country estate. were caught climbing in a window just be- breakfast time—and tickets were reserved he next train home.

he University of Chicago had its thrill when a bunch of girls were heard squealing and laughing behind the scenes during a theatrical production and two young students staged a wrestling bout in one of the boxes while boys and girls were engaged in an impromptu dance behind the curtain.

Harvard's magazine, *The Advocate,* protested editorially, charging that the Radcliffe girls had been peeking in the windows of the Crimson dormitories, thereby embarrassing the cultured Harvard youth. Vassar had a little thrill when, near daybreak, two young men, slightly overserved, were found trying to hoist two young ladies over a seven-foot fence, one young lady being impaled on the top when the guardians arrived.

The discovery that official spooning grounds and petting garages existed near some of the girls' schools caused a furor.

A point of land in a lake near one of the schools previously referred to was the place where young lovers parked themselves and waited until the girls could escape bounds and receive their attentions. Also, there was discovered a love nest called Granberry Cottage, a four-room bungalow hidden in dense woods near by. There was a fireplace, easy chairs, two bedrooms, a kitchen, and all the implements for making fudge and cocoa.

The smoking fad for girls at Smith College brought on a row which eventually resulted in the banishment of the owner of one of the first teahouses ever opened in this country. Rose Tree Inn the place was called, an old Colonial house, tastefully decorated. Mme. A. de Maucaze, who owned and conducted the place, was a sort of college institution herself. She said she was the daughter of Lord Gerald Moore, proprietor of vast Irish estates, and a direct descendant of Lord Nelson. Her tearoom was the popular college rendezvous.

When smoking, then drinking, began to become girlish habits Madame was warned by the faculty. She posted her inn with unique signs, forbidding the dual habits. Her other placards were famous, too.

Huge dogs and a fat cat strolled around the dining room.

"Don't speak to the dogs," read an inscription on the menu; "they might misunderstand you. The cat, however, like most women, likes to be petted."

For the benefit of the girls who tried to run their cars on "tick"—Madame had a garage—there was this warning:

"Don't run an automobile on a perambulator income. Debt is a bad chauffeur."

When prohibition theoretically dried up a more or less moist land this sign appeared prominently:

"If you carry a remedy on the hip, vulgarly termed a nip, leave it outside—you can't put it inside—inside ye Rose Tree Inn."

Madame de Maucaze said she tried to stop girls smoking in the tearoom; the college authorities said otherwise; but she had to go away from the town.

Student bodies now appear to have come out of the fog. Almost without exception the college towns report an increase in classroom efficiency, a decrease in such escapades as run-away marriages, dormitory parties, and similar elements of what once we knew as college life.

To be sure, there are contradictory instances. Naturally we are most interested, in so far as these articles go, in the co-educational schools. However, we have reports on all sorts. A few of them may be summarized as follows:

Smith College (women)—Conditions better. Student opinion aroused by attacks, and frowns upon that element which might be inclined to laxity in conduct.

Vassar College (women)—Moral standards maintained at highest point.

Ohio State University (co-ed)—Force of undergraduate sentiment strong against flapperism, unconventional manners, and morals.

University of California (co-ed)—Freer expression, less respect for the conventions noticeable, but indicate a higher moral standard among the students rather than laxity. Student opinion strongly against the so-called modern girl.

Princeton University (men)—Moral tone and standards of undergraduates highest in history.

Dartmouth (men)—Moral reaction among Dartmouth undergraduates strong. Student body against small fast set. Cleaner in thought and speech than preceding generations.

TO detract somewhat from the entirely optimistic tenor of the foregoing paragraph, comes a story from the University of Nebraska which illustrates a type of undergraduate with which the deans still often have to deal. It would be well to explain that this girl's instructors are one with her classmates in crediting her with being one of the most desirable persons in college.

She came to the Freshman class from a little town in western Nebraska. Her personality at once caught her associates. In due time she was rushed by virtually all the sororities. Presently she made her choice and was inducted into membership.

Then came the business of acquainting her with the rules of the sorority house. She subscribed to all but one, which required all dwellers within the house to be in their rooms at ten o'clock.

"I am not required to keep such hours at home," said she, "and I'll be damned if I shall do it here."

That was the end of the rule. She lives in the sorority house. She keeps her own hours. So do the other girls.

"A girl can be as moral at midnight as at noon or 8 P. M.," said she. "Also, one can be as immoral as one chooses—in or out of any house."

After perusing all the reports, one is compelled to believe that the usual procedure has taken place. The youngsters who are, for a variety of reasons, denied college experience will pick up the tricks of the campus and assume the collegiate tricks and air. But whereas the college undergraduate seems to have dropped much of his wildness, the youthful nonattendant is still startling his elders.

Salt Lake City, for example, is now disturbed by the frequency of adolescent marriages and the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The tuning in of a radio program on the Bosch Radio Receiver is reduced to the simple movement of but two indicator dials passing before miniature windows

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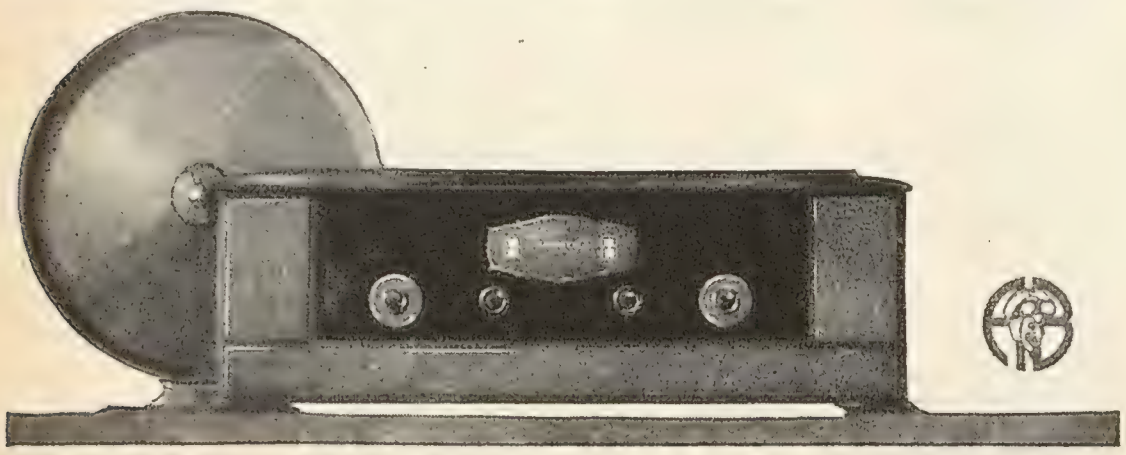

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

attending celebrations. Recently Attorney General Cluss of Utah asked County Attorney Ezra Robinson to investigate the marriage mill at Farmington, eighteen miles out of Salt Lake City.

The Attorney General cites, among many cases, that of two girls—one fourteen and one fifteen—who were blithely married not long ago to boys eighteen years old. There was no trouble procuring marriage licenses, although the children look even less than their years. Not many weeks ago three juvenile pairs were married at Farmington. A few days later one of the girls, accompanied by her parents, applied to the District Court for annulment.

Quite simply she told her story. The six youngsters had been making merry in a so-called wine depot a few blocks from the courthouse. Someone (the child couldn't remember who) suggested marriage. The idea was embraced. Two or three more drinks. Then to the courthouse.

BUT the West, as a whole, is not greatly exercised about the future of its young. Neither does it lament youth's current status. Miss Cornelia Morgan, State Librarian for Oregon, is regarded in her section as an extremely wise woman. When asked her opinion she produced from her desk a transcription of the legend deciphered from recently unearthed Assyrian tablets dated 2800 B. C.

"Read that," she said.

Our investigator read:

"Our earth is degenerate in these later days; there are signs that the world is speedily coming to an end; bribery and corruption are common; children no longer obey their parents; every man wants to write a book; and the end of the world is evidently approaching."

The worthy ancient who carved those sentiments on stone twenty-eight hundred years before Christ did not append his name. Therein he proved that human nature changes but little. The vast majority of people approached on this subject by our investigators asked that their names be withheld.

What are the general conclusions to be drawn from Liberty's inquiry? To what extremes have the young folk of the land, taking their example from the colleges, carried their headlong pursuit of gayety? And will the youthful tide of rebellion roll farther toward the setting sun? In this last question is an interesting field for speculation. For the West as a whole is young. It is still nourished by the same blood stream that flowed through Leadville, Cripple Creek, and the golden gulches of the Pacific Coast. Don't miss the concluding article of this series in next week's issue.

Who is "The GREEN ARCHER"

With
ALLENE RAY and
WALTER MILLER

From the book by Edgar Wallace
Directed by Spencer Bennett

Out of the midnight silence comes a swift hiss, the thud of an arrow as it strikes into the wall. Abel Bellamy rises in his bed and fires; the weird apparition in his doorway vanishes. A green clad figure flies noiselessly through the corridors of Bellamy's castle and across the moonlit lawn . . . the Green Archer . . . AGAIN!

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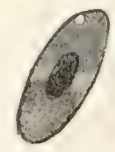

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The judges of the Pathe "Sunken Silver" Beauty Contest have selected the following prize winners. Winner of 1st prize will make her appearance in the brilliant Patheserial "Casey of the Coast Guard," which will soon be released. Watch for Miss Whipple in this picture!

1st prize, $1,000 cash; Ivene Whipple, Freeport, Me. 2d prize, $750 cash; Laura Lacaillade, 143 W. 69th St., N. Y. C. 3d prize, $500 cash; Myrtle M. Cain, Gen'l Delivery, Miami, Fla. 4th prize, $250 cash; Gay Coulton Ingold, 2525 Bloomington Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. 5th prize, $100 cash; Velta Lane, 342 W. Solomon St., Griffin, Ga.

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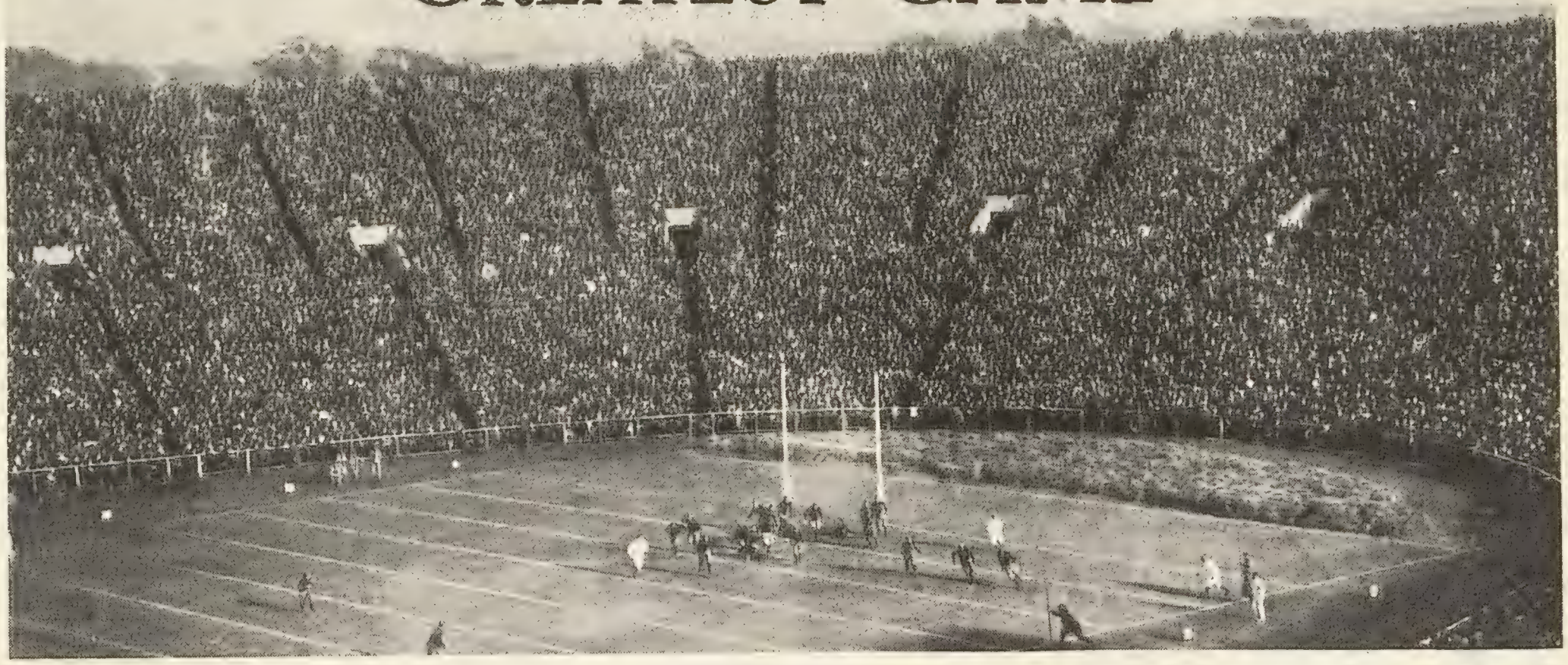
Football Becomes America's Greatest Game



P. & A. Photo

The Yale Bowl at New Haven, Connecticut, with eighty thousand spectators in the stands, watching a gridiron battle between Yale and the Army.

More Than 25,000,000 Persons Paid $50,000,000 to See It in 1925; Is It Really, as Some Say Each Year, a Danger to Youth and Education?

BY

Hugh Fullerton

Cartoon by RAY ROHN

SEVEN thousand five hundred and twenty-nine organized school teams played football each Saturday during the season just ended. That means approximately 250,000 boys battled for the supremacy of their schools.

In the eastern quarter of the United States, bounded on the west by a line drawn from Ashtabula, Ohio, to New Orleans, 2,378 college, prep, high, and normal school teams played each Saturday.

The attendance on the ten "Big" games each Saturday averaged more than 330,000, which means the ten teams with the ten largest playing fields drew more than 2,500,000 paid attendance for the season.

There are more than 800 schools of college ranking in the United States and 470 of them are important enough to have their records and schedules printed in the guide. There are more than 600 freshman teams in addition to the varsity teams.

There are 5,400 high and preparatory schools, 120 junior colleges, more than 2,000 preparatory and secondary and 1,300 parochial and business schools, that have teams. How many grammar schools among the 370,000 in the United States have football teams no one has figured. How many towns, villages, factories, and shops have teams is more difficult to calculate.

Counting alone the organized colleges, high schools, and preparatory school games indicates that more than 25,000,000 persons paid to watch football games this year—and that vast army, one-sixth of the entire population of America, must have paid close to $50,000,000 to see the sport which has become the greatest of American games.

Football, in its amazing development this fall, with the worst weather conditions in the history of the game, drew three to one as many spectators, with a short eight-game-per-team schedule, as organized baseball drew in its one-hundred-and-fifty-four-game schedule.

Football has become the American game. Baseball, holding the center of the stage for spring and summer, has been forced to yield the spotlight. Already arrangements have been made for the retreat of baseball back into September so the World Series will not conflict with the autumnal carnival of sport.

The torrent of enthusiasm which has swept football into the highest place in popular fancy has bewildered a devoted little band of college presidents and professors who, in spite of its tremendous popularity, regard the sport as a menace to the standards of higher education.

President Lowell of Harvard, acting as cheer leader for the American Association of College Professors, has lifted his cultured protest against the sport. President Little of Michigan, himself a fan, has warned against the evils; and Prof. Robert Kilbourn Root of Princeton has charged that football has been tainted by professionalism.

The annual attack.

WHEN a game attended by at least 25,000,000 of our best people, played by more than a quarter of a million of our boys and so nearly universal that it is the leading sport of the nation is criticized and branded as dangerous to youth and to education, it is time to learn whether the charges are true.

Since 1907 until the present, the annual attacks on the sport have increased almost in proportion to its growth in popularity. The charges

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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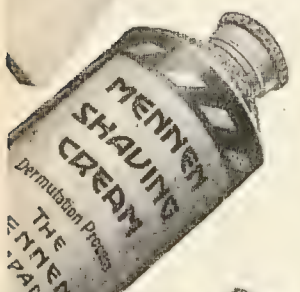

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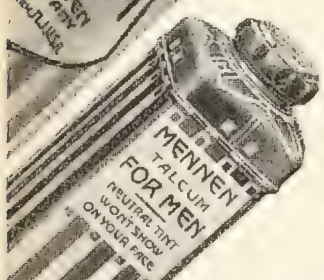

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The brush alone would make a gift that any he-man would get a genuine kick out of. And in addition you have the three old-favorite Mennen Products in a mighty attractive package with a presentation card. All at a special bargain price—$4.00 value for $2.25.

Get enough for your Christmas needs *now* before your dealer is all sold out.

THE MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N.J., U.S.A.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

have changed greatly, but the influences opposing the sport are the same, and this fall the attacks are more general than ever.

If these charges are true football, regardless of its importance as a sport, should be curbed or stopped entirely in our schools. But are these charges true?

For the last five years Maj. John Griffith, now commissioner of athletics of the Western Conference, has been conducting an investigation. For much longer than that George Huff, athletic director of the University of Illinois, has engaged in a study of the game. Three years ago, after studying their conclusions, I started investigating to learn what reforms may be necessary.

I have covered perhaps forty colleges from Dartmouth to Nebraska, from Georgia to Cornell, discussed the problems with presidents, deans, coaches, editors of college papers, undergraduates, and fraternity heads.

I have found some conditions that should be cured, some deliberate cheating. But I also find that the critics of football do two things for which they would flunk an athlete: First, they consistently start their arguments from a false premise. Second, they pick isolated cases and apply them to the general situation.

For twenty-five years I have made myself a nuisance by criticizing evils that have crept into the sport. I know trickery has been employed sometimes, that old grads have debauched the ethical standards of student bodies by proselyting, by hiring athletes and scouting for players.

I know of cases in which faculty members have relaxed scholastic standards in favor of stars. I know of one case in which three faculty members were forced to resign because they refused to pass football players who failed in studies.

Football must plead guilty to those charges. But they are scattered and isolated cases.

PROFESSOR ROOT makes the most direct and serious charges. He charges football is itself an enemy of healthy sport, that the game is purely commercial, that the amateur code is a subterfuge and the players really professionals, that the games are mere contests between overpaid professional coaches, that coaches direct play from the sidelines, and that the scholastic standing of college athletes is low. Professor Root reveals in the way he writes the charges the fact that he cannot prove them. Many of his charges are ridiculous on their face, and the most serious are made by innuendo.

The charge that professionalism exists is serious. In five years we have had two "scandals" in football, both of which were exposed by the colleges themselves and severe punishment inflicted. In my investigation I have found nine schools tainted, and six very probably guilty of unethical evasion of rules. In not one of these cases could I prove either faculty or coaches knew of violations of the rules, and in four of the cases old grads were to blame.

On the other hand I have seen the records of more than sixty cases in which boys were banned from football for violations of the spirit of amateurism committed before they ever thought of going to college.

THE charge that football is a game between "overpaid" professional coaches is ridiculous to football men. Coaches cannot communicate with players on the field. This has been evaded in some cases by sending in substitutes with instructions. Even in those cases the coach usually sends no orders, but relies upon the field captain to know what the new player can do best.

All a coach can do is to teach his players certain plays and variations and pray they will remember part of them. Knute Rockne of Notre Dame told me he would not signal even if the rules permitted, as it would only tend to disturb and unsettle the players.

My conclusion, after visiting many colleges, is that the good resulting from athletics far outweighs the evil, and that existing evils are being eradicated almost everywhere.

The favorite charge of professors is that athletics, especially football, result in low scholastic standings. There was a time when such conditions obtained. They exist now in some schools. But in the great majority of schools the exact opposite condition obtains. In these a student must be from eight to twelve per cent higher in *each* study than the average of his class before he is even eligible to try for the team—and he must maintain that standing.

There is an evil—on which many professors soft pedal—which is the worst feature of college athletics, especially football: The Old Grad. He is a nuisance at times and sometimes a menace; a tragedy and comedy combined. He cannot realize that his day is done, and that the games today are for the undergrads of today.

But, pathetic figure as he is, he is the worst menace to college athletics, and the hardest to curb.

In next week's Liberty will be published the names of the men who have been chosen for positions on the annual mythical All-American football team. The names will be contained in an illuminating article telling why each of the men was chosen for his particular position—something no sport lover should miss.

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APLETS
"The Confection of the Fairies"

Mitchell Calls Our Military Organizations Obsolete

Our Falcons Are Losing Their Wings and Our Reserves Are Nothing but a Myth, Says

COL. WILLIAM MITCHELL

IN THE THIRD ARTICLE OF HIS SERIES, WRITTEN FOR LIBERTY

THE great powers of the earth, and those of Europe particularly, are brought into close competition with each other. They have to apply every dollar of money and ounce of energy devoted to their national defense in the most economical way possible. All of their people understand what national defense is, because nearly every generation, in its struggle for existence, has been in armed conflict with its neighbors.

The memories of hostile occupations when their armies have been unsuccessful are told by fathers and mothers to the children. They take no chances with their armed forces. These are periodically overhauled, investigated, and looked into by their people, through their legislators, and efficiency is required of them. They cannot keep things hidden from the people, nor demand inordinate appropriations for organizations which are of little use.

European nations came out of the war with very changed military systems. They saw the writing on the wall which air power had made, and all, without exception, organized their national services so that air power had a great voice in their councils. In fact, it was air power that was responsible primarily for the reorganization of their national defense systems.

The United States merely came in at the tag end of the contest. The weight of our tremendous power as a nation, both in materials and men, was sufficient to determine the struggle. We were not called upon to exert ourselves to any marked degree. We returned from the war the richest nation in the world. Our system had not been changed in any way —the same people went back and sat right down in the Army and Navy that had left them before.

No particular cognizance was taken of what had happened in Europe. Some legislation was propounded which improved the conditions of our Army, but this was along the lines recommended by General Upton in 1879. Our Navy remained with the same mission and with the same system, in general, that obtained immediately after the Civil War.

Colonel Mitchell as he appeared on the streets of Washington during his recent trial by court-martial.

International Photo

The role of defense of the coast has been taken away from the Navy by the advent of air power, but no definite recognition of air power has been given in this country.

We have a Department of the Navy with no specific mission. It is generally understood, of course, that a navy is supposed to go out in the water; but our Navy has armies with it, in the form of Marines. It has land air services with bases along the coasts of the United States, has air forces in our insular possessions; it harps on the fact that battleships are the dominating influence in the world's defensive armament.

I PERSONALLY do not believe our Navy of today is a means of controlling the surface of the sea or of protecting our coasts, or is a means of carrying offensive operations against any other first-class country, or, in fact, has much value except for the submarines and some of the small craft that it contains. The Navy's place is on the sea, and it should be given a specific mission on the high seas whether it wants to go there or not.

The Navy's mission should be to control the sea areas of communication over the surface of the sea and under the sea, from a line paralleling the coast beyond the range of missile-throwing weapons or aircraft acting from shore bases. This does not mean that the Navy should not have airplanes: it should have all the airplanes it can use effectively. It does not mean that the Navy should not operate inside of one hundred miles from the coast, but it does mean if it has to come in that close it ought to come under the command of the element charged with the defense of the land area, because that is within aircraft range from the shores.

The Coast Artillery Corps should be abolished and all artillery merged into one artillery corps for the Army. Proper provision, of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The First Pursuit Group at Selfridge Field, Michigan, which Colonel Mitchell says is almost our sole defense in the air. International Photo

French Beauty

I've learned how they get it

By Edna Wallace Hopper

Nearly all French girls are pretty. And French women keep their youth. They have demanded youth and beauty, and French scientists met their demand.

I spent my 1925 summer vacation in Paris. I have made many trips to France to learn the latest and best that she offers. I gained my beauty as a girl in that way. I have kept my beauty to my grand old age.

Now I offer those helps to all—the best that France gave me.

My Youth Cream

Is a remarkable creation, combining many factors. It contains products of both lemon and strawberry. Also the best helps known to foster and protect the skin.

It comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. I use it as a night cream, also daytime as a powder base. Never is my skin without it. My velvet complexion shows what that cream can do. The cost is 60c per jar. Also in 35c tubes.

My Facial Youth

Is a liquid cleanser I owe to France. Great beauty experts the world over now advise this formula, but their price is too high for most women.

It contains no animal, no vegetable fat. The skin cannot absorb it. So it cleans to the depths, then departs. My Facial Youth will bring you new conceptions of what a clean skin means. The cost is 75c.

White Youth Clay

A new-type clay, white, refined and dainty. Vastly different from the crude and muddy clays so many have employed.

It purges the skin of all that clogs and mars it. Removes the causes of blackheads and blemishes. Brings a rosy afterglow which amazes and delights. Combats lines and wrinkles; reduces enlarged pores.

No girl or woman can afford to omit it. It multiplies beauty. White Youth Clay costs 50c and $1.

My Hair Youth

The cause of my luxuriant hair, thick and silky, finer far than 40 years ago. I have never had falling hair, dandruff or a touch of gray.

A concentrated product combining many ingredients. I apply it with an eyedropper directly to the scalp to tone and stimulate. No man or woman will omit it when they see what Hair Youth does. The cost is 50c and $1 with eyedropper.

My Face Powders

They are supreme creations. No face powders you have used can compare. Mine are exquisite. They come in two types. One a heavy, clinging, cold cream powder, in square box, $1. I like that best. The other is light and fluffy, in round box, 50c.

All toilet counters supply my beauty helps. If you send the coupon I will mail you a sample of any you choose. Also my Beauty Book. Clip coupon now.

For Trial Size B755-L

Mail this today to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Enclose 10c postage and packing for each sample wanted.

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☐ White Youth Clay ☐ Youth Cream

Name.....

Address.....

We will include with above Free Sample of either ☐ Youth Cream Powder or ☐ Face Powder
White—Flesh—Peach—Brunette
(Check kind and shade desired)

[COLONEL MITCHELL'S ARTICLE Continued from Page Thirty-nine]

course, should be made for guns to command sea areas where submarines could fire into cities or important places, these to be handled by the artillery. All defense against aircraft should be handled by the Air Force.

The system of promotion to general officer now in vogue in the Army—that no one can be selected for the grade of general officer by the President unless he has become a colonel and has been approved by a board of officers as suitable to be a general officer—is a pernicious system. It takes away from the President the prerogative to choose whatever officer he desires to command organizations in time of peace.

Under the system that always had obtained in this country any officer in the whole army was eligible to be selected as a general, no matter whether he was a captain, major, or colonel.

The present system was inaugurated after the World War with the avowed purpose of eliminating political appointments, but it is a question whether it is not much more pernicious than the former system in that it furthers a greater development of Army politics than has ever been the case before. It is almost sure to get the most retrogressive, or what might be termed "mossback" elements of our military service at the top.

EVERY officer should be guaranteed a colonelcy for faithful service at the end of thirty years, but our old custom for the selection of general officers should never have been interfered with. With the present system in effect we should have had no Pershing, no Wood, and no Funston.

With these two changes in the Army I think our law is good and can work for a ground army. It must be remembered, however, that our Regular Army is not an army at all. It is a national constabulary. Our real armies for the defense of the country must come from the National Guard, our reserves, and the bulk of the population.

Now, to get down to actual conditions in our aeronautics and to sum them up in a few words. In the Army we have no air force, none whatever, either in material—that means airplanes and equipment—in personnel—pilots, observers, gunners, mechanics—or in operations—that is, method of using it.

The effigy of this thing that is held up before the American people consists of about twelve old and worn pursuit airplanes with the First Pursuit Group at Selfridge Field, and twenty-two bombers designed seven years ago and worn out by constant service.

All other aviation consists of the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They stop head noises and ringing ears. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear.

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Address, GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)
250 Hoffman Bldg., 2539 Woodward, Detroit, Mich.

Don't Fail to Read Davenport's
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in next week's
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A Weekly for Everybody

When a radiator won't get HOT

TRY THIS

AIRID Air Valves make cold radiators *hot*. Attach easily to any steam radiator without tools—need no adjusting—never leak—make no noise. Sold at heating and plumbing stores. Only $1.60.

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AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
1809 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Send me a trial Airid (one only). (Guaranteed 5 years.) (This will be mailed C. O. D., or enclose check or money order for $1.60.)
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The hair you admire can be yours

SMOOTH and lustrous . . easy to comb and to keep in place . .

THIS kind of hair can be yours, too. Just brush a little Stacomb on your hair every morning. It will stay smooth and gleaming all day. Stacomb helps prevent dandruff too. Try it and see how good looking your hair *can* be.

Buy Stacomb today at any drug or department store. In jars and tubes or liquid form.

Stacomb

Free Offer

Standard Laboratories, Inc.,
Dept. Z-13, 113 W. 18th St., N. Y. C.
Please send me, *free of charge*, a generous sample tube of Stacomb.
Name.....
Address.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY]

DH4 airplanes with the Liberty engines, designed during the World War, which are neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, as they are neither attack, bombardment, pursuit, nor observation planes. They are worn out, they are dangerous, they are incapable of performing any functions of a modern air force.

Our pilots, the best in the world, really amount to not over four hundred and fifty, of all categories, who can really go out and fight service airplanes. The reserves are a myth—they have no service material to fly in and no manner of keeping up to modern conditions. They are growing old. We have no corps of observers—fifteen or twenty are carried on the roll. We have no rated machine gunners. Our so-called mechanics are recruited according to the Army system. We can get excellent mechanics in this country, but not as soldiers in peace. We must get mechanics who come from factories and trades, and in order to keep them they must be assured a decent living and a permanent career.

In our Navy we have one poor, little, insignificant collier masquerading as an airplane carrier. It has only about half the speed of our slow battleships. Airplanes operated from catapults on shipping are incapable of united action against an aerial enemy, while airplanes operating from shore stations are not naval aircraft, strictly speaking.

WE have slipped so low in our aeronautical endeavor that were a war cloud to appear on the horizon tomorrow the gathering storm might break without any hindrance from us and it might take from three to five years before we could organize to meet it unless helped by others. This amount of time would be required in catching up on our engineering development and production of aircraft and on the training and procurement of our pilots, observers, and mechanics and teaching them.

The air is a big place. Air operations are the most complicated of any military undertakings. I make this statement as a result of a more intimate knowledge of the air forces of all countries than is possessed by probably any other living person.

No matter what may be the opinion of people qualified or unqualified to judge as to the value of air power, the fact remains that even if armies and navies are used in future wars as they have been in the past—which, as a matter of fact, is an impossibility—the air must be controlled over them if they are to have any chance of success whatsoever.

In spite of a sum of about four hundred and thirty million dollars put into aviation since the close of the European war, in an emergency we cannot create an air force quickly enough without assistance and protection. This was the case in the last war.

What is the fundamental reason that this has come to pass? It is that air matters are intrusted to the Army and the Navy, which are handled and governed and dominated by non-flying officers. They not only know next to nothing about aviation, but regard it merely as an auxiliary of their present activities. Their testimony regarding air matters is almost worthless, sometimes worse than that.

The air men regard the Air Force as the only element in the nation's make-up which can fight battles in the air that will result in keeping the enemy out of the air and away from our country, which can sink any battleships or any surface craft that come near it, or can smash an enemy's centers of power, manufactories, and means of transportation on land.

THE air men further believe that even with a relatively cheap preparation in the air for the purposes of defense a hostile army could never touch foot on this continent. The effect of air power also may be to prevent armies from coming together with a repetition of the conditions that attended our operations in Europe.

There the contest reverted to barbarism. The combatants faced each other across ditches, separated by a few yards, and indulged in a physical orgy of killing such as has seldom before been seen in the development of civilization. War was not carried into the interior of the countries, where ultimate success always resides.

The science of war on the ground has come to an impasse. The art of war on the sea, with the use of the submarine, has rendered the control of surface sea lanes of communication by surface vessels an impossibility. The only improvement in the means and methods of prosecuting wars, ameliorating wars, and finishing wars at present visible is coming through the air and under the sea.

Why, then, has this not been recognized and proper development been made in this country as it has in others? Because the voice of the air is smothered before it is heard and because there are no governing heads in the Army or Navy who are flying officers and know the business or are capable of giving an accurate opinion on it.

Not one general in the line of the Army outside of aviation and not one admiral in the line of the Navy is really an air officer. Even if they were, they would think of the Army first and then aviation, or the Navy first and then aviation. Among the regular members of the Army General Staff there has been only one flying officer, and he is assigned to the section

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Just once over and it's CLEAN

Brush-sweeps and Air-cleans ~at once!

The revolving motor-brush agitates the surface, breaks up clogged and imbedded dirt, loosens grit. Then powerful clean air suction draws off and into the bag all particles of dirt and grit. Even the finest dust particles, unseen except in a strong shaft of sunlight under ordinary cleaning methods, are irresistibly sucked in.

Suction alone will not remove surface litter—threads, lint, hair. Motor-brush action is necessary.

Suction without brush agitation will fail to dislodge deep-rooted dirt.

Both in this super-unit

In Hamilton Beach you have both necessary actions combined—brush action and powerful suction—acting at once. The most efficient cleaning device ever invented and perfected.

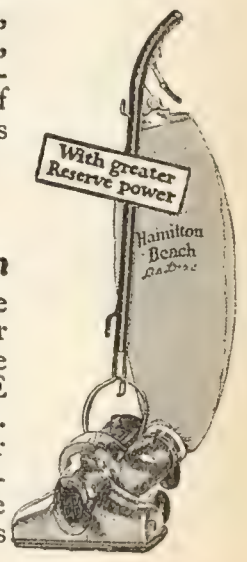
Increases life of rugs

Unless quickly and completely removed, sand and gritty dirt gradually grind themselves into the nap of the rug—and actually destroy it. Hamilton Beach at once removes all particles without damage to nap, warp or woof.

Cleans everything in the house

Low clearance and easy handle adjustment permit cleaning without moving furniture.

Common sense attachments clean everything in the house: velour furniture, clothing, draperies, mouldings, bookcases, pianos, radiators, and all sorts of hard-to-get-at places and corners.



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We will gladly arrange for our nearest dealer to lend you an advance 1926 model for a FREE Self-Demonstration. Write for it, and folder which tells how Super-suction added to the Motor-brush multiplies cleaning power.

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Vacuum Sweeper

HAMILTON BEACH MFG. CO., *Racine, Wis.*

DEALERS! Just a line on your letterhead will bring you a sample cleaner for examination. Also selling facts, figures, and an interesting selling plan.

[COLONEL MITCHELL'S ARTICLE
Continued from Page Forty-one]

that looks after housing the Army. Two more have been detailed recently, but this really amounts to very little, because our Army system has now become such that real air officers cannot be created.

In the first place, air officers graduate from West Point, where the four years' course is almost entirely a waste of time as far as aeronautics is concerned. Most of what they are taught has to be unlearned. What we have to teach our air officers is not to think of the ground but to think of the air, not to feel they are tied up and bound to the armies on the ground.

After we get our officers trained to fly, we have to subject them to the Army system of education. First they go to our Aeronautical Tactical School. This has become merely a preparatory school for the Army Staff College at Leavenworth. Instead of learning grand tactics of air fighting and the use of the Air Force as a primary element, they are taught that they are merely auxiliaries of land power.

After our officers go through a year's instruction at the Army Staff College, they must spend a year at the Army War College, where again they are given more Army instruction. The result is that after their four years at the Military Academy, one year in our Tactical School (which is almost a ground school now), one year at the Staff College at Leavenworth, and one year at the War College in Washington, it takes a strong man to be able to retain any air sense or ability at all. His initiative has been removed—he thinks first of the ground and then of the air. He is a part of a machine, not an individual.

International Photo

What an airplane may do to a battleship by scoring a direct hit with a phosphorus bomb on the fire-control platform.

I have just been in Texas, where the old longhorn cattle have been crossed with the white faced Herefords, so that no longer do we see the old wild cattle in the chaparral. The Army is crossing our falcons with the kiwi, a bird that has rudimentary wings and grubs around on the ground. Our falcons are taking to the air less and less and looking more and more to the ground; they will soon be on the ground grubbing around as the kiwi does.

An air officer should have ninety per cent of his time taken up in air work and Air Force duty and about five per cent keeping track of the Army and five per cent keeping track of the Navy. An airman must not in any sense be a soldier or sailor. He must be an airman essentially, which is entirely different.

Therefore, viewing our national defense as a whole today, we have a badly organized Navy for the problem that confronts us; a ground organization which can muddle through because we at least have a system of producing armies and we have a goodly store of weapons which are not yet obsolete.

We have no Air Force whatever, no real system of getting one together, and no hope for one under present conditions. We must therefore take such measures that laws will be provided as soon as practicable to co-ordinate our national defense and organize an Air Force.

In his fourth article, to appear in an early issue of Liberty, Colonel Mitchell will discuss the question, What Fits a Man for Flying?

Give Fun and Health

in JOHNSONS—*the finest gift of all!*

A boy or girl will tell you. "There's no greater fun in the world than skating on a pair of JOHNSONS."

Lace a pair of JOHNSONS on your feet—glide swiftly, smoothly, and easily over the ice—feel the thrill of perfect skating—then you'll know the reason for JOHNSONS ever-increasing popularity.

The snug JOHNSON shoe gives solid support to your feet—keeps your ankle firm and strong. The skate itself is straight as an arrow, perfectly balanced—built for ease of skating as well as comfort and speed.

There is only one JOHNSON SKATE. To be sure of the genuine, look for the full name of NESTOR JOHNSON on every pair—for over 30 years a favorite with the skating public.

NESTOR JOHNSON "North Star" *for those that want the best*

NESTOR JOHNSON "Flyers" *at a price all can pay*

NESTOR JOHNSON MFG. CO., 1908 N. Springfield Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SAVE *with* SAFETY *at your* Rexall DRUG STORE

"There is one near you"

CANDY for Christmas!—and not just candy, but the exquisite ARTSTYLE WONDER BOX of chocolates. Layers of luscious morsels, smothered in chocolate velvety rich. Caramels, nougatines, creams, plenty of nut and fruit centers—wholesome and pure as candy can be.

The ideal gift for a friend. The ideal take-home box for the family. Before you buy your Holiday sweets, be sure to see the ARTSTYLE CHOCOLATES in varied assortments and packages. $1, $1.25 and $1.50 a pound box in beautiful holiday wrappers. Sold only at Rexall Drug Stores.

The First Night

A Chronicle of Happy Hearts Along the Great White Way

By MAX LIEF

Pictures by CHARLES H. FORBELL

THIS is the opening night of the Nifties,
Played in a theater in Broadway's Fifties.
All of New York's most fastidious gentry
For thirty-two-eighty apiece have gained entry—
Artists and actors and comic-strip jokers,
Bootleggers, buyers, and busketshop brokers;
Cloak-and-suit kings and their favorite models,
Baldies who know all the foxtrots and toddles;
Blue-shirted rakes, Forty-second Street farmers,
Oil millionaires and their Hollywood charmers,
Campus-cut cakies and Freudian flappers,
Boxing promoters and heavyweight scrappers.
Everyone's there from the Goulds to O'Haras—
Deep-bosomed ladies with diamond tiaras;
Beefy old dowagers, opera singers,
Blue-blooded debbies with nicotine fingers!
Upper-box admirals training their glasses,
Combing the chorus for likable lasses!

* * *

Now see those clever dramatic reviewers!
Carefree contingent of pleasure pursuers!

Hearty backslappers and chummy "Here's how!" boys,
High-hatting highbrows and tea-table cowboys!

* * *

Now for the rise of that 8:30 curtain—
Not until nine does it go up for certain.
In troop the girls for the opening chorus,
Highest-priced legs come parading before us.
Bevy of coryphees rated as peerless
Boost the box office by being brassiereless.
Ponies and mediums, statuesque showgirls,
Beautiful dumb-belles and former "hello" girls,
All of them hailing from convent or college,
As the press agent will freely acknowledge.
Ex-coatroom sirens and manicure cuties—
"Glittering garland of glorified beauties!"

* * *

As for the show—"grand ensemble of *beaux arts*"—
Music is pilfered from Schubert and Mozart;
Principals bow to the thunderous clapping
Led by the claque with its whistling and tapping.
Shouts greet the coming of Queenie de Lonna,
Fresh from divorce court and now prima donna.
Shaking her shoulders with arms held akimbo,
She jazzes a song of her "Biminy Bimbo."
Though Queenie's voice isn't much of a factor,
Her back is the joy of each chiropractor!

* * *

Now come burlesques of the season's new dramas,
Plays of the tropics and plays of pajamas.
Anecdote turns and a lingerie ballet
And down comes the sheet on the first-act finale.

* * *

Up through the aisles all the critics come tearing,
Bent upon giving their brain cells an airing,
Though it's not mentioned at all in their contracts,
All good reviewers leave during the entr'actes.
Some for the sidewalks and some for the lobby,
Each of them riding his favorite hobby.
Though now and then you will find one who *is* dumb,
Some of the boys have remarkable wisdom!

* * *

"Curtain is rising!" the doorman announces
As on the door-checks he eagerly pounces.
Chinning and chatting in syllables glowing,
Cigarette butts o'er the premises throwing,
Back to their aisle seats the lobby crowd scampers,
Fast on the heels of the smoking-room campers.

* * *

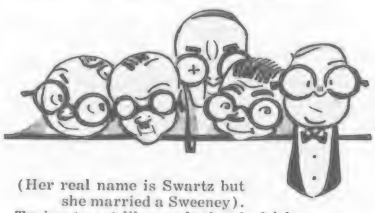
Second act starts with a dance anatomic;
Follows a skit that's allegedly comic.
Then from the two-a-day circuit recruited,
With jokes from collegiate magazines looted,
Springs to the stage in their clattering brogans
The team that is known as the two dancing Hogans.

* * *

Witness the pageant of bathing girl winners!
Hired by the showmen as chorus beginners.
Beauties selected by citizens noted,
They won the contest a paper promoted.
Uncle Sam's fairest are present in toto,
All of them grouped in a colorful photo.

* * *

Laden with gems like a pawnbroker's window,
Bought by her bootlegger friend with his gin-dough,
Out comes the fat, irrepressible Queenie



(Her real name is Swartz but she married a Sweeney).
Trying to act like a colt that is frisky,
Starting a song that's intended as risky,
Queenie casts amorous eyes at the drummer
And jazzes the hit they will hum through the summer:

Now Sally McNally
Lived down in our alley,
And she was as prim as could be.
Oh, she had a slim beau,
A regular bimbo,
Who begged her to sit on his knee.
But each night as they sat in the parlor,
All the neighbors could hear her holler:

CHORUS

Lester, don't pester me!
I wasn't born yestiddy!
Don't ask me to cuddle or kiss.
I always do what my mamma says,
I don't believe in your promises!
Do me a service, please,
Don't get me nervous, please,
Handle me carefully!
You've said the same old things to me for ages and ages,
But you needn't come around until you're earning steady wages!
You can pull that stuff on Esther,
On Mabel or Hester,
But, Lester, don't pester
Me-ee-eee!

* * *

"Knockout!" "A darb!" all the spectators thunder.

"Silver wrote that!"
"Why, that baby's a wonder!"
"This is sure-fire!"
"They'll be rolling in clover!"
"Gee, but she knows how to put a song over!"

* * *

Now the finale! Their nerves all a-tremble,
Chorus and principals duly assemble,
Snapping their fingers, they get the crowd with 'em,
Shaking their hips to the last jazzy rhythm:

Good-night, good folks, good-night!
We hope you liked the show!
And if you think it's all right,
Tell all your friends to go!

Queenie has snickered her last innuendo;
The curtain descends on the music's crescendo!
Clamors of "Author" are mingling with "Awful!"
Even the usherettes put in their jawful!
So adding their lines to the stuff that distressed us,
Out file the authors before the asbestos:
First Mme. Prue (she supplied the cosmetics).
Then Sammy Dawn, who arranged the esthetics;
Followed by Blanche of the Maisonette Jenny.
Designer of all of the dresses, if any!
Cheeks all aglow, Mr. Morton Dubinsky—
For Scene 28 he made Queenie's kolinsky.
Finally Jules, as the calcium flickers;
He pressed the chorus boys' jackets and knickers!

* * *

All through the night sit the managers' minions,
Fearfully 'waiting the critics' opinions.
Thousands were spent on the Paris costumer,
But not a red cent upon one line of humor!

CURTAIN

You can finish any piece of furniture — more beautifully and more easily—and use it in less than one-half hour.

Lacq

HOUSEHOLD LACQUEROID

You can finish woodwork and hang up your curtains immediately. No waiting over night for Lacq to dry.

Not paint-not varnish-all colors
Dries in less than one half hour

Think of it! You can finish your porch or inside floors and *walk* on them in less than one-half hour. And you will have *more* attractive and *more* enduring floors than you ever had before. You've never used a finish so easy to apply.

You can finish *any* surface about your home and use it in less than one-half hour. Easy to apply—watch it dry!

There is only one Lacq —there is no substitute

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T. L. Blood & Company	St. Paul
The American Paint Works	New Orleans
Twin City Varnish Company	St. Paul
The Forest City Paint & Varnish Co.	Cleveland
The A. Wilhelm Company	Reading
Nubian Paint & Varnish Company	Chicago

In Canada: The Glidden Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

To Dealers—In the history of paint making there has never been a household finish so revolutionary as Lacq Household Lacqueroid. It represents the greatest opportunity ever offered the paint and varnish dealer to perform a genuine service for his customers. Write for the "Story of Lacq." Address any one of the licensed distributors listed above.

To Housewives—

Lacq is made in a wide range of rich, beautiful colors.

SEND IN THE COUPON

and we will mail you a complete color chart that tells all about Lacq, and where and how to use it.

THE GLIDDEN COMPANY
National Headquarters, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send the Lacq Color Chart to

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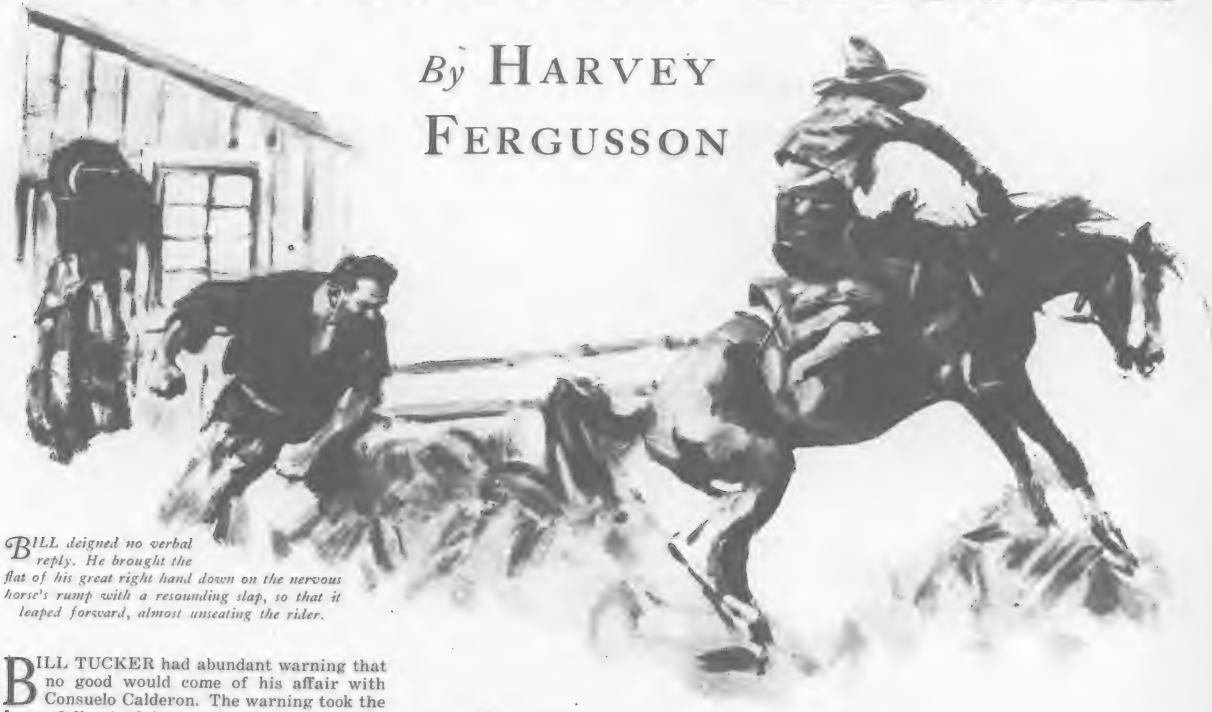
Address.....L 12-19-25

Lacq Household Lacqueroid is a development from our experience with our wonderful motor Lacqueroid. Our Research Laboratories have succeeded in developing a material that anyone can apply with a brush. We call it Lacq. You won't forget the name because everyone will soon be talking about it.

Adriance Jaycox
President

The SILVER SADDLE

By HARVEY FERGUSSON



BILL deigned no verbal reply. He brought the flat of his great right hand down on the nervous horse's rump with a resounding slap, so that it leaped forward, almost unseating the rider.

A Tale of Spanish Fire and American Hard-headedness, and What Happened When Love Touched a Spark to the Mixture

Pictures by FRANK B. HOFFMAN

BILL TUCKER had abundant warning that no good would come of his affair with Consuelo Calderon. The warning took the form of direct advice not to marry her and also of disapproving comment relayed to him by obliging gossips. It was the consensus of public opinion, as thus revealed, that a marriage between an American and a Mexican seldom worked well. And especially rash would such a marriage be when the man was a red-headed Texan, who had been taught contempt for "greasers" almost from the cradle, and the girl was the daughter of one of the oldest, most aristocratic, and most completely gone-to-seed Spanish families in New Mexico.

The trouble began rather publicly during one of the weekly dances at the Springs. The Mexicans gave them, and everybody in the canyon came—the forest rangers and fire guards, the neighboring ranch people, the guests at the Springs Hotel. Mexican etiquette prevailed, which meant that introductions were unnecessary. Pedro Sanchez, the ancient blind fiddler, supplied the music with the help of his two sons.

The dance at which she met Bill Tucker was the first one of these Consuelo had ever attended, and it was in some sense her debut. She had gone away from the mountain village two years before—a gangling girl who had grown up wild as a colt on the range—to attend the convent in Albuquerque. She was the one of their numerous brood on whom the Calderons had chosen to lavish most. It was assumed that her two years in the convent were only a beginning and that she would go away for further schooling, make a striking marriage, and restore the blood of Calderon to the high place it once had held.

But as the result of a few more foreclosures by their creditors and a bad year on the sheep ranges, the Calderon finances could stand no further strain.

So Consuelo came back to the family homestead a woman of seventeen—for girls of Spanish blood are women at seventeen—and went to the dance in a pretty red dress, with her hair up and a tall comb in it, and over her shoulders a black mantilla that had been brought to her grandmother from Mexico City in 1840.

Little and slim though she was, she stood tall and easily straight as a blade of new-sprung grass. She was olive-skinned and her hair was black as an Indian's. It may be that she had a trace of Navajo blood from her mother's side, as some said, but her high, clean-cut profile and her long gray eyes showed the dominant *conquistadore* strain.

Bill Tucker reached the dance late and alone, as always, for he was shy of women and affected a contempt of frivolity to cover his fear. He was wearing a bright blue suit which had cost him fourteen dollars and bunched between the shoulders, a purple necktie, and great yellow Oxfords. But he did not look ridiculous, for the disciplined strength of his body triumphed through his clothes and vitality flashed like jump sparks in his blue eyes.

He walked across the floor with an easy, slouching gait and with the air of a man who cares little what others think because he is so wholly himself. He walked right in front of Consuelo as she was turning away from her partner in the last dance and stood looking down at her, as a man walking in the woods might stop and stare down at a tiger lily that caught his eye with its rare brilliant strength of form and color.

She looked up at him, lifted her long black brows, cocked her small head on one side, and grimaced at him impudently. Just then old Sanchez struck up that ancient jiggledy Mexican waltz tune, La Cucuracha. Forthwith, involuntarily, Consuelo began to sway like a blade of grass in a breeze. She swayed her hips and she swayed her head, with her eyes

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE SILVER SADDLE Continued from Page Forty-five]

uplifted and half closed. She simply couldn't resist the tune. Neither could Bill.

He did a double shuffle with his great brogans, he seized Consuelo in his arms, and he danced. With his eyes fixed beatifically on the ceiling, he gave himself wholly to dancing.

Bill's waltzing was wild, but it was good. Right he whirled, and left he whirled, and down the floor he pranced. A less agile maiden than Consuelo might have been winded, might have been stepped on. But Consuelo was with him every jump. Her little feet twinkled safely among his great sliding shoes.

That dance was the first of many dances they had together that evening—too many for the cause of peace and good will. Consuelo's mother didn't like it, because Bill was not the kind of man she fancied for a son-in-law. She knew Consuelo's value as a social asset.

MRS. CALDERON was a heavy, dark woman, old and fat, with a stinging tongue and a domineering will. Her dislike was not a thing to be lightly courted.

Likewise the spectacle of Consuelo in Bill's arms was not a pleasing one to Ighenio Calderon, the girl's cousin, who had brought her to the dance. Ighenio was that black sheep which every old and numerous family seems to possess as inevitably as it possesses heirlooms and debts. He had the traditional Calderon impetuosity and the handsome Calderon features. These were about all of his assets. His chief liability was a temperament wholly irresponsible in matters of love and money. He spent his time riding a black horse furiously on hot errands of love and hate.

When Consuelo came home so suddenly delectable, Ighenio swooped down on her and claimed her for his own. The marrying of cousins had long been common in the Calderon family—too common, perhaps, for the good of the blood. Plainly, he intended one more such marriage, and he had never doubted himself where women were concerned. Maybe Consuelo had given him some first cause for doubt. At any rate, she seemed almost unaware of him that evening.

Both Consuelo and Bill, for that matter, showed that astonishing unawareness of all about them which marks young lovers. When they walked out of the little adobe hall together, after their fifth dance, Bill walked a little behind the girl, like a man who has been hit hard by something and has never quite got back all of his senses. He was surprised and humbled by his own feelings. He felt in her some quality that would have made it not impossible for him to kneel before her. And he didn't know what it was, nor how to deal with it. They had met and clung, feeling wholly strange to each other and yet wholly necessary.

As they walked away in the dark together, leaving their respective worlds behind them, the strangeness evaporated and the necessity grew. Bill Tucker lifted his shoulders and drew a deeper breath. He came close beside Consuelo in the narrow path, his bulk towering above her with a growing imminence she did nothing to avoid. His hand went out to her, hesitant at first, then confident, strong. His great arm claimed her, swept her easily up to him, bound her body to his.

"Oh, Consuelo!" he cried, as he bent and kissed her. Mighty music clashed inside of him. His blood pounded a mounting rhythm. But her name was all he could say. He was not a man of words.

When they came back to the dance, both of them wore a bright-eyed, astonished look, as though they had discovered a new continent out under the stars.

Cousin Ighenio bustled up to them and, with better courage than judgment, launched himself at Bill. The big Texan picked up Ighenio and threw him across the room. He landed, spluttering and undaunted, in the arms of his Mexican friends, who held him safely, while one or two others closed in on Bill. Bill grinned and permitted himself to be restrained. He was filled with a blanket love for the human race.

Consuelo was hustled out of the hall by her mother, who back-fired vituperative Spanish all the way to the door so fast that no two versions of what she said were the same.

II.

"LET that be a lesson to you," Jim Carter told Bill the next day. "After that little ruction last night you ought to know better than to monkey with Mexican gals."

Carter was the storekeeper. He liked Bill. Moreover, he had lent Bill money and was prepared to lend him more, provided he kept out of trouble. For Bill was a hustler. Starting with a dry homestead and a few hundred dollars, he had become in five years a substantial citizen. As Carter had more than once observed, he was the kind of man the country needed.

He neither drank nor gambled, and until the night before he had seemed singularly immune to that other source of masculine woe which comes in skirts. It was Carter's conviction that Bill was now poised on the verge of a bad mistake.

The main trouble was, declared Carter, that when you married a Mexican woman you had her whole family to look out for, and when she left you, as she often did, the entire tribe became your enemies.

Bill did not resent all of Carter's advice. He listened to it in silence, with his chin in his hand—a red rock of a man, immovably stubborn. And then, without saying anything, he got on his horse and rode down to the Calderon place to make his peace with them.

THE big Texan picked up Ighenio and threw him across the room.

If Bill's yearning for Consuelo had not been a deeply rooted thing it would never have survived his courtship. For he had to court the whole family, more or less. He was always received by Mrs. Calderon, and often by two or three other Calderons as well, in the cluttered parlor of the old adobe house, with its cracked walls and its parlor filled with antique pieces of black walnut, with tattered hangings and gaping upholstery.

There was only one object in that room, besides Consuelo, which interested Bill in the least. That was the silver saddle which was hung upon the wall over the mantel.

This was the most vivid and convincing relic of the family's vanished magnificence — the dress saddle of a wealthy *hidalgo*. Its pommel was as large as a breakfast plate, its cantle was ten inches high, and the bulging curve of its shoulders was two feet wide. These and the pommel were mounted in solid silver, embossed with heads of unicorns and lions, kept bright, as was nothing else in the Calderon establishment, by frequent polishings. Silver-edged and silver-mounted, too, were the skirts and the cantle. The hand-tooled stirrup leathers

were a foot wide and the housings were of bearskin, with the fur still rich and bright.

Bill had not known that such a gorgeous saddle existed. Old man Calderon assured him it had cost a thousand dollars gold in Mexico City when it was made, and that any collector would pay two thousand for it. It was probably the most negotiable piece of property the family possessed, but of course it would never be sold, for two generations of Calderons had ridden it and to the third it was a priceless memento.

THAT gorgeous silver saddle hanging useless on the wall somehow made him feel the pathos of the losses which had overtaken the Calderons. It gave him some faint sense of the ornate dignity and grace of a vanished day when the Spanish *ricos* of the Rio Grande lived on their great estates surrounded by *peones* and Navajo slaves,

HE landed, spluttering and undaunted, in the arms of his Mexican friends.

rich in lands and herds that yielded without effort; proud, indolent, and lavish—and of the aching paucity of lives in which memory is so much brighter than hope.

Little by little Bill made his way with the Calderons, because his persistence in his suit was greater than their resistance to it. He became a familiar figure to them and so a less antagonistic one. They discovered his strength and tried instinctively to lean on it. Shy little Calderons with dirty faces began to depend upon him for nickels.

Old man Calderon took his good advice about the wool market and the use of windmills. Cousin Ighenio, doubtless implacable at heart, tried unsuccessfully to borrow money from him. Finally even Mrs. Calderon relaxed to the extent of regaling him with goat-milk cheese and honey and long-winded accounts of ancient scandals.

In all this time he saw Consuelo alone but twice. She had rebelled against family tradition to the extent of learning to ride. Mexican ladies traditionally rode only in coaches, and, since coaches were no longer available, most of them did not ride at all. But Consuelo went for occasional rides with one of her younger brothers, and now and then a brother could be bribed to drop behind. So in swift kisses stolen at discreet bends of the road they rediscovered the flaming emotion of that first night.

WHEN he finally wore down all opposition and the betrothal was announced Bill had still to go through one more ordeal in the form of a typical Mexican wedding. All of the Calderon relations and friends were invited, and they were an army. Bill was more than content to pay for Consuelo's elaborate wedding dress and for a trousseau and a closed car from town, but it jarred upon his thrifty spirit to feed half a hundred Mexicans he had never seen before and hoped never to see again.

The wedding began one morning, with the ceremony, and it lasted, in the form of a dance, until early the next, with illicit native wine flowing from a keg in a back room and three fiddlers sawing out waltzes and fifty guests chattering like a flock of scared guinea hens. Even when they had been left alone at last in his house it appeared that they were not done with the family and guests, for outside their window guitars and voices blended, not ineffectively, in an old Mexican love song. A moment they stood listening, looking at each other. Then suddenly Consuelo tore off her veil with a little laugh and threw her arms about his neck. . . . They never knew how long the serenade lasted.

Afterwards they spent a few days honeymooning in town. They wandered through shops, buying presents for each other, went to all the movies, devoured ice cream sodas. A circus came to town and they saw it, eager as children, struggling hard to watch all three rings at once. These things were the luxury of the world to them and they reveled in it—and in each other.

NOR was either of them prepared for the bitterness which life presently became. They had discovered that between their essential beings was a harmony which made life suddenly and briefly beautiful. Now they had to encounter the inevitable fact that in habit and viewpoint—in almost everything environment had given them—they were clashingly different.

Bill had already discharged, as a matter of course, the old woman who did his housework for him. That a wife should cook and sweep was as natural an assumption to him as that a bird should fly.

He did not realize that Consuelo had been raised to be a lady and that in the traditional Mexican sense being either a lady or a gentleman meant chiefly being idle. He did not know that the one domestic which the Calderons kept in spite of debt and poverty had always brought Consuelo her coffee in bed, and that to crawl out at five in the morning and make a fire by candlelight was for her an unheard of hardship.

He tried to be patient because he could see that she was trying, tearfully, to be what he wanted her to be. But she was so ineffectual in a kitchen that the strain was more than his patience could bear.

Bill had a red-headed temper, and when he was angry the worst of him came to the surface. He became a bellowing, red-faced, uncouth fellow—an angry, hungry peasant shouting for his supper. And the more noisy and obstreperous he was, the haughtier and harder Consuelo became. She withdrew to remote heights and looked down at him with aristocratic scorn.

They would stand it as long as they could, and then one or the other would become penitent and apologetic. In each other's arms they would struggle back toward the inarticulate

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE SILVER SADDLE Continued from Page Forty-seven]

faith in each other that had first pulled them together.

They might have worked out their problem somehow if left to themselves, but that no two humans ever are.

Consuelo began going almost daily to visit her folks. Wholly untrained in punctuality — there was only one clock in the Calderon household and it hadn't run since 1872—she would stay too long, and he would come home to find that she had not even started her clumsy efforts toward getting supper.

AT first the Calderons came to visit Consuelo only when he was away. He would come home to find that Consuelo had been interrupted at her work. Empty cups and cigarette butts on the floor would tell him that not only Mrs. Calderon but also several others of his precious relations had been there, endlessly talking, consuming his coffee and tobacco.

One day even Cousin Ighenio came to the gate on his prancing black horse. Bill went to meet him, and his eye ought to have warned the man.

"I have come for Consuelo," he announced. "Her mother wants to see her."

Bill deigned no verbal reply to this. He brought the flat of his great right hand down on the nervous horse's rump with a resounding slap, so that it leaped forward, almost unseating the rider. And then, as Ighenio glanced back, Bill made a sweeping gesture toward the ground, as though to pick up a rock. Cousin Ighenio ducked and kept on going. He never came again.

A few days later Bill came home late and weary, after an irritating struggle with a balky team and a scraper on the highway, to find Mrs. Calderon and three of her smaller children with Consuelo. Incidentally, Consuelo did not have his supper ready.

Both of the women were silent as he entered, and he could see that Consuelo had been crying.

"Well," he demanded surlily, "do I get anything to eat this evening?"

Accustomed to scold and domineer those about her with impunity, Mrs. Calderon rose and bustled up to him fearlessly, her dark eyes flashing.

"Do you think you can talk to my daughter that way?" she demanded. "You, who are not good enough to clean her shoes. . . . You pig of a gringo, whose father was a *ladrone*. . . ."

She could not have chosen a worse time for this berating. Bill's temper had been smoldering most of the time for days.

He stepped toward the woman, checked himself with an effort, face red, eyes blazing. His voice seemed to come roaring up from some source deep inside him and beyond his control.

"You . . . you," he spluttered. "Get out of here! Get out of here—and never come back!"

She was accustomed to long, wordy family quarrels that came to nothing. His sudden, fierce anger frightened her into silence. Fear and astonishment rose in her eyes as her voice died away. The children scuttled to her skirts. She backed toward the door, trying to lead Consuelo by the hand. But the girl shook her off and stood clear. She was breathing hard, and her voice trembled, but it was quiet.

"If you put my mother out of this house," she told Bill, looking him full in the eyes, "I will go with her. . . . And I will never enter this door again!"

"Go, go, go on!" With a sort of astonishment he heard the roar of his own voice. "Get out of here . . . the whole blame tribe of you!"

Something inside of him sat still and despised the whole bickering, ridiculous business—his own part in it as much as any. It was always so when he lost his temper. However right he might feel, he also felt a fool. His rage subsided into a vague ache of regret and confusion as he stood in the doorway and watched them all go down the hill—saw Consuelo fall behind the others and cover her face with her hands.

III.

ALL during the next week Bill struggled hard to persuade himself that what had happened was inevitable and for the best in the long run. Certainly a great cause of trouble had been removed from his life. Now, he thought, he could go back to his work and his plans in peace. He could take up his free, independent life just where it had stopped when he met Consuelo.

But though he worked himself dog-tired day after day, the old satisfaction eluded him. Something had gone from his life which had become a part of it. Vaguely he came to realize that his love of Consuelo was as much a fact as his quarrel with her; that those few first perfect days had done something just as irreparable as had that last disastrous one. But he did not admit this to himself.

Carter encouraged him to believe he had acted wisely, but not that his troubles were over.

"You had to get rid of her," he argued consolingly. "You certainly did right to run the old woman off the ranch; and, if the, girl wanted to go with her, that was her own free choice. . . . She hasn't got any claim on you now, and you can be thankful for that. But don't imagine your troubles are over. You ain't done with them

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

"Put one on—the pain is gone"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

Calderons yet—not by a damn sight!"

. . . . . .

Whether the fire was a fulfillment of Carter's vague prediction, or just an accident, was a thing Bill could not hope to learn. He left the house every morning early, and he left the embers of the fire which had cooked his breakfast. There was no one to watch the place while he was gone. Of course, a puff of wind through an open window might have blown a spark to the floor. The house was just a frame shack of three small rooms. Bill knew only that he came home one evening to find it in flames and a few of his friends standing by, unable to do anything.

WHAT troubled him more than his loss was the knowledge that everyone in the valley believed he had been burned out by his enemies, the Calderons. Cousin Ignehio was perfectly capable of such a thing—indeed, he was said to have done something of the kind before. But, of course, there was no proof.

Under his assumption of indifference, Bill was a bitter and humiliated man. He had a log cabin up on the Chupadero Mesa, among the big pines, which he used in the summer when he was working stock on the high ranges, and to this he now moved.

For three days he saw no one, and he was glad of it. He rode long hours every day over the pine-grown levels of the mesa and up on the wind-swept opens of Redondo Mountain. Ostensibly he was riding after strayed stock, but really he was trying to ride down the ache in his own consciousness, and he could do it better among trees and mountains than among men.

He was getting breakfast on the fourth morning when young Ed Kenton came riding by and stopped to ask him if he had seen a gray mare with a Flying X brand on her left flank. Bill had seen no such horse, and said so gruffly; but he asked Kenton to stop and eat, because not to do so would have been an affront. He hoped that Ed would say nothing about Consuelo, but Ed was bursting with gossip on just that subject.

"I hear your wife's had a big row with her folks, Bill," he volunteered. Bill chewed and said nothing.

"O' course, it's none of my business," Ed apologized, "but I thought probably you'd like to know it. They say she quit 'em cold."

Bill, to the further embarrassment of his guest, still said nothing. Ed talked on, a bit wildly, to cover his own confusion.

"Can't imagine what she'll do now," he observed. "Some say she's going to town, and some say she's coming back to you. . . ."

"She ain't gonna do no such a durn thing!" Bill burst in energetically.

"No?" said Ed, evidently delighted at having got a rise. "Well, you know how folks talk . . . 'specially in a place like the Springs, where there ain't a thing really to talk about. . . . Seems like I ain't heard about anything in two weeks except you and Consuelo and how the Calderons burned you out. . . ."

"Who says the Calderons burned me out?" Bill roared.

"That's what they all say," Ed answered mildly. "I don't know a thing about it except what I hear. . . . Well, if you see that mare of mine, hold her for me. . . . So long."

Darkness had fallen and Bill was gloomily cooking a supper of bacon and fried potatoes when he heard what sounded like hoofbeats outside. He listened. A faint knock came at the door.

"Come in!" he roared.

No one came. Bill thought maybe his ears had fooled him. He had imagined a good many sounds that evening. He went to the door and flung it open.

Consuelo was standing on the step. He saw her chiefly as a pair of large, frightened eyes and a bosom rising and falling. . . . They stood looking at each other a long moment. Then——

"Come in," Bill said, more quietly, but not very cordially.

There was another space of silence before she replied.

"If you don't want me to come in any more than that," she said in a small, quiet voice, "I can go back."

Hidden forces battled in silence for a full minute. The tone of his voice asked for truce.

"Aw, come in," he requested awkwardly. "Come on in. . . ."

SHE came, and he pulled up the only chair for her to sit on, while he went and sat on the edge of his bunk. He saw her clearly for the first time now, and the sight gave him a start. She looked so much older—pale and hollow-eyed, too; but, above all, older, as though she had lived years in a few days. The fact disconcerted Bill because she was such a different person from the image of her he had in his mind—a different person and a harder one to deal with.

"I have come to talk things over," she began with difficulty. "There is something I must settle with you. . . ."

"Yeah?" Bill queried. But his voice was not as sarcastic as he had intended it to be.

She waited a long time to finish her explanation.

"Then I'll go——" she added.

Both of them were silent. They were struggling in silence. Words were not of much use to them, because their essential relation lay so much deeper than words. Bill certainly could not utter what was going on in him now—the writhing struggle between his pride and his love. He sat looking at her, his great strong hands clutching bunches of blanket on the edge of the cot, his breath coming perceptibly hard.

The silence grew unendurable. She rose and moved toward the door. . . .

It was her trump card, her only card—and the only one she needed. Bill suddenly knew that he could have cut off his hand as easily as he could have watched her go through that door—perhaps never to come back. He came to his feet with a jerk.

"Oh, Consuelo!" he cried. "Don't go. . . . Sit down, Consuelo!"

SHE paused, looking at him, smiling faintly. She seemed remote, poised, self-contained. In a flash she had regained all her old advantage over him. He, again, as so often before, was the disturbed one, buffeted by his emotions, dislodged from his position by the rush of his impulse. After a moment of hesitation, she sat down, almost regally, very erect, touching her hair with a small hand—an image of proud composure before his turbulent uncertainty.

"Well . . . we'll talk about it," she consented, holding him easily at a distance by her manner. "Go out first and unsaddle my horse . . . will you, please?"

It seemed an odd request to make at the moment, but Bill saw no reason to refuse. He went out and found the horse in the darkness, more by touch than by sight; fumbled at the cinches. The saddle, as he lifted it off, felt strangely smooth and heavy in his hands. He carried it into the cabin, threw it on the floor, stood staring down at it in dumb amazement. It was the silver saddle of the Calderons!

Consuelo smiled proudly, enjoying his amazement. She rose and came toward him slowly.

"I made them give it to me," she explained, "to pay you for your house. I know who burned it, and so do they. It would be hard to prove anything, but I made them give me the saddle. It's the only thing they have that would bring any money. . . . It's yours!" She consigned it to him with a grand gesture. "I was going to give it to you . . . whether . . . whether . . . I stayed or not. . . ."

Bill stood looking at her, still speechless. She had forced them to do justice—to do justice by him!

On the floor between them lay the silver saddle—symbol of a high tradition marred by time and chance, all but lost, yet sending down the years some bright fragments of its ancient strength and splendor. . . . Bill stepped across it and took her in his arms.

THE END

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The Princess of Frog Hollow

A Story of a Rich Boy's Love for a Girl of the Slums, and of a Day of Reckoning Between Honor and Social Standing

By John Monk Saunders

Picture by Eugene M. Frandzen

Each blow, each kick, milled some of the dross out of his soul, made it purer and finer, like beaten

In Two Parts—Part Two

THE first outraged sweep of surprise and anger over, Roger found himself considering his own position. Commencement was a week off. His father and mother and Cecilia were coming to see him graduate.

And the boat race at New London later. Any change in the boat now was disastrous.

And when they all knew what had happened, why he had dropped out, what a fearful blast of publicity there'd be! This time of all times, with his picture in the Eastern papers — the crew captain and stroke oar—and the eyes of the East upon him. It would kill his mother.

Oh, he was caught! He couldn't leave now.

After it was all over *then* he'd go back and rescue Stella from this terrible thing that had befallen her. He would marry her and take her away; would make it all up to her.

He unpacked his bag.

To Stella Link Guard Hill Reformatory was the Garden of Gethsemane. There she walked alone; there she trod the winepress of doubt. There she descended the slope of the Mount of Olives toward the Grotto of Agony.

For Roger Bailey did not come.

To the others at Guard Hill she was a saint fallen with sinners, a Madonna among Magdalens. She kept her room faultlessly clean and proper, like the chamber of a nun. Imprisonment seemed to refine rather than coarsen her.

The thread that held Stella's heart together was her faith in Roger Bailey, and that thread had grown taut. The long, lonely nights, the dreadful days crept after each other in tortured procession. But Roger did not come.

In the crowded excitement of Commencement Week Roger Bailey moved about with his distinguished father and proud mother. Cecilia was there, with Muriel Peabody, General Peabody's beautiful daughter, who lived on the neighboring estate in Westchester, and whom Roger's sister had brought for the festivities.

If you could have seen Roger's mother's eyes when, in cap and gown, he strode up to the platform to take his degree, or if you could have seen his father place his arm about the shoulders of his tall son when he came down, you would have understood the family's pride in Roger. And you would have understood, as Roger understood, what a cruel stroke it would be that hurt either of them.

On the Thames River, filled with gay craft, lined with special trains bright with bunting, alive with the noise of whistles and horns, young Roger Bailey gave an historic exhibition of courage and determination.

With his crew failing and with number six collapsing behind him, with his lungs bursting and his muscles cracking from the strain of the four-mile grind, he whipped up his stroke and shot the knife-edged prow of his shell across the finish line ahead.

"Now for Stella," was all that Roger could think of as he paddled to the float.

THE graduate manager, wildly elated, came rushing into the boathouse.

"Well, gents," he yelled, "I suppose you know what this means!"

There was a scattered chorus of "Whats?"

"The Olympic Games!"

There was a moment's astonished silence.

Suddenly the boathouse rang with yells and whoops. The Olympics! Wah-hoo! They danced madly about the floor, cut crazy capers. They were going to row at the Olympic Games —against the world. The prospect thrilled them all. All except one.

He sat slumped on the wooden bench in front

gold. He fought them off, his great arms working like flails, and he kep' a-comin'. They couldn't stop him.

HOW THE STORY STARTED

Home for the holidays, Roger Bailey, popular college stroke oar —with the prospect of the captaincy the next year—accompanied his wealthy father in distributing Christmas cheer among the poor. Among them was Ol' Tom Link, worthless and dissolute, the poorest person in Frog Hollow. In Tom's home, Roger saw Stella Link, known as The Princess because of her beauty. It was love at first sight. Clandestine meetings followed. Then came tragedy. The girl was sent to a reformatory, but refused to name the father of her child. Ol' Tom vowed vengeance.

Meanwhile Stella's faith was unbounded. She was sure Roger would hurry to her side. Roger continued at college until a chance paragraph in a letter from his sister told of Stella's plight. He decided he would hurry to her.

of his locker, his elbows on his knees, his forehead buried in the palms of his hands.

One of the crew espied him. "Well, look at old Rodge. What's matter, Rodge? Sick?"

He shook his head.

"Pulled out, eh? Well, buck up, old man. Think of what's ahead. You're going to Brussels!" They were trying to cheer him up gently. "Going to row for your beloved country, Rodge, the ol' U. S. A. Think of that!"

Roger Bailey sat, staring at the floor.

"Well, I'm damned," ejaculated the other. "Old Roger sunk because he's going to Brussels. You're all set to go, aren't you, Rodge?"

"I don't know," said Roger shortly.

"What!"

They crowded around him instantly, the rest of the crew, their faces charged with concern.

Not going to Brussels! Roger Bailey not going! What was this, a joke? Send the crew abroad without the captain and stroke oar, probably the finest stroke in college history? Might as well not send the crew at all.

When Roger looked up into their faces he knew that he could never explain to them.

"Don't ask me about it now," he begged miserably. "I've—I've got to think."

The pressure became more acute that evening. Cecilia had heard the news and immediately set about making plans with her mother for the trip. They asked Muriel to go along. It would be a happy excursion to Europe, a pleasant summer abroad, with, of course, the great thrill of seeing Roger row for the supremacy of nations at the Brussels Olympics.

ROGER could not help but see the aspects of his position as his mother and his father would see them. To return to Inglewood now, to take the town drunkard's daughter out of the girls' reformatory and marry her would —well, he just couldn't do it.

For the third time he temporized. He sailed for the Olympiad.

In the fall, he assured himself, when he came back, he would straighten it all out.

Behind the red brick walls of Guard Hill Stella Link ate the bitter bread of disillusion. She did not know what had happened to Roger Bailey and she could not ask. She must wait for Roger to come; she must not doubt him for a moment.

Her child—their child—was born in one of the little wards of the hospital. It took its place among the babies in the prison nursery.

STELLA LINK read the notice on the first page of the *Westchester County Weekly* in the prison library —the notice of Roger Bailey's return that fall.

He had come back, with his mother and sister, it said, to Tuliptree, the Bailey estate at Inglewood, after stroking his crew to world victory at the Olympic Games. Society awaited the announcement of his engagement to Miss Muriel Peabody, with whom he had been seen constantly. It was common knowledge that Mr. and Mrs. Bailey looked with favor upon the match—in fact, it was their fondest hope. . . .

Stella's heart cracked. That night she fled the reformatory.

. . . . . .

Ol' Tom Link was called to the door of his shack by a heavy knock.

"Your daughter here?" It was two guards.

He studied them narrowly.

"She's ex-scaped?"

They nodded. An hour ago. Thought she mighta come home.

No, she hadn't. Ol' Tom's mind began silently to work. If she'd ex-scaped, and hadn't come home, there was only one place she'd go. To the man. She'd lead him to the man—if he knew which way she went.

One of the guards fumbled in his pocket.

"Found this in her room," he said, briefly. He flashed his torch on a dull gold circlet in his hand. Ol' Tom took it. It was hers. Could he keep it?

The guard shrugged his shoulders.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE PRINCESS OF FROG HOLLOW]
Continued from Page Fifty-one

Better bring her right back to the reformatory if she turned up, they advised him, going off into the darkness. Better that way.

Ol' Tom closed the door.

That ring was not Stella's; he knew that the instant he saw it. It was a man's ring.

Joe Link came up to his elbow. On the worn face of the ring they traced the initials "R. B." R. B.—R. B.—R. B.—Ol' Tom ran over the village names again and again. Suddenly he stiffened. Joe hit upon it the next second. They stared at each other like two madmen. So!

Ol' Tom took down his rifle.

He knew where to go now. Joe slunk at his father's heels.

It was the first time the Baileys had all been together at Tuliptree for nearly a year. They sat in the great living room, in the pleasant security of after-dinner comfort.

Roger, lounging in a big chair in his white cricket-cloth flannels and striped blazer, hadn't bothered to change for dinner, as he explained to Muriel Peabody when she dropped in later.

Chambers, Mr. Bailey's butler, was the herald of the storm.

"Beg pardon, sir, there's a young lady——"

But she had followed him in. In the wide entrance to the living room she stood, in her short, blue-checked frock and red sweater, an absurd, arresting figure in the uniform of the reformatory. Her face was pallid. Her eyes were unnaturally bright, and they never left Roger's. She seemed unaware of anyone else in the room.

"Roger."

She stood, waiting, waiting, waiting for him to come and take her in his arms and tell her that he had come back to her at last, that everything was all right again.

"Roger . . . Roger." She stepped timidly forward, lifting her arms to him.

But Roger Bailey, frozen with dismay, stood across the room and made no move.

The silent moments she waited for him to speak were centuries of tortured time. Her beautiful dream shuddered into ashes.

"Roger." She was calling for the last time. Her arms dropped lifelessly to her sides.

"Why, it's Stella Link!" cried Cecilia.

"What was it you wanted?" asked Mr. Bailey, kindly.

She did not hear him.

"She must have escaped from the reformatory," said Cecilia.

STELLA saw before her not the fine, eager, determined youth into whose keeping she had given her body and her soul, not the tender, devoted Roger who had loved her so passionately and so profoundly, not *her* Roger, but another. A young man satiated with success, with attention, with glory, with money.

There was no response in his eyes.

It was true, then. She was no better than the rest at Guard Hill. Hers was but a common betrayal and her child nameless.

"Why have you come here?" asked Mr. Bailey.

Why didn't she tell him? In the hollow of her hand she held the happiness, the security of all these great people. She could shatter it in a million pieces in three words. But Stella Link knew no vindictiveness. She had been too deeply hurt to hurt anyone else. For Roger's love she had died a thousand deaths; if that were lost what else mattered?

"I don't know," she said dully; "I was trying to get to the railroad. I—I got tired—I saw your light——"

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Bailey, "but I'll have to inform the authorities."

"You'll send me back!"

"I'm afraid I'll have to; you see——"

"Oh, no, you won't." Ol' Tom Link stood behind his daughter, his rifle half raised. None knew how long he'd been there, how he'd gotten in. Joe stood at his shoulder.

They were all on their feet now.

"You won't send her back, Mr. Bailey, when you know who put her there."

"What do you mean?"

"Your son!" The barrel of Tom Link's rifle pointed at Roger Bailey. Roger, his face pale and set, did not move.

"You lie," said Stella.

He whirled on her. "I do, do I? Then why'd you come here?"

"I was trying to get away. I got lost—this was the first house——"

"Lost!" her father cried scornfully. "*You* lost! You know every foot o' the country."

"Not at night. I was frightened."

"Then he ain't the one?" Old Tom indicated Roger with the barrel of his rifle.

"No!"

"Then where'd you get this?"

Stella caught her breath involuntarily, her hand leaped to her throat. That was a mistake.

"See! See!" cried Tom Link. Then he held out the ring. Roger's mother, his sister recognized it. They turned to him. He stood as still as death.

"Now, by God——" Ol' Tom's rifle came up.

Stella pushed it aside.

"Don't——"

"Why?"

"Because—because," she said quietly, "he

hey! fellers

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Liberty's Station Introduces New Idea in Broadcasting

Radio Listeners Direct WLIB

EVERYBODY IS INVITED *to* SUGGEST PROGRAMS

WHAT is your ideal radio program? What are your suggestions for the improvement of broadcasting? Have certain numbers on a program appealed to you? Write and tell us what keeps your dials on the same marks or sends you fishing through the air for your favorite entertainment. Liberty invites every radio listener to give his or her views on radio. For each letter published Liberty will pay $10.

For the benefit of those who did not "listen in" on this page last week, we'll announce again that Liberty has opened its own broadcasting station. It is centrally located at Chicago, Illinois, is thoroughly equipped, and powerful enough to reach all parts of the country. Its call letters are WLIB. The wave length is 302.8 meters.

WLIB will mark an unique advance in radio in that it will be operated at the direction of its listeners. It invites everybody to send in suggestions and helpful criticisms. Many persons who daily go adventuring through the air in search of entertainment or information have good ideas for the betterment of the industry, but no place in which to express themselves.

You are invited to have your say on this page. Each week Liberty will publish a page of letters from those sent in.

You may write as long or as short a letter as you wish, and may use pencil, pen and ink, or a typewriter. Address your letter to *Radio Editor,* Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

$10 *for* Every Letter *on* This Page

DIGNITY

Dear Sir: My first suggestion is for dignity first, last, and always, as I feel that an undignified announcer will cheapen the finest program ever put on the air.

May we also have more of the high-class music and not quite so much jazz? When one is weary, as the majority of your listeners are when night comes, too much jazz jars on one's nerves. Then, too, may we not hear short discussions on the vital issues of the day, both pro and con? In short, please make WLIB helpful as well as entertaining for the many who have little time for study.

MRS. MORTIMER MILLER,
224 W. Cook Ave., Libertyville, Ill.

MURDERING THE CLASSICS

Dear Friend: The most essential part of a radio program is a good orchestra, and I believe you have it. I love classical music as well as jazz, but it must be played well. One gets fed up on amateurs murdering the classics, so I believe that the great majority of fans prefer the lighter vein in music, principally up-to-date song and dance numbers. Once in a while a theatrical celebrity, proficient in his line, makes a hit because show people usually have fine radio voices.

MRS. EMMA EVANS,
Waban, Mass.

PLAY TO THE GALLERY

Gentlemen: It is rather difficult to arrange a program that will meet with the approval of all the listeners as the audience is made up of people in all walks of life, color, creed, and nationality.

Why not play to the gallery? Out of the entire population of the United States you would have no trouble in scaring up about ninety million good, red-blooded citizens who are happy and contented, and not too selfish, and those that have radios willing to give and take and consider the other fellow's likes and dislikes.

C. A. HINTZ,
610 Carpenter Bldg., 530 Grand Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

ENTERTAINMENT VERSUS PUNISHMENT

Gentlemen: After several years as a broadcast listener I believe I am entirely safe in saying that ninety people out of every hundred purchase radio sets in the belief that they are going to be entertained and not punished with the material that goes into the various microphones. They find out very quickly that static and other kinds of interference are more than enough to exasperate one, and when it is combined with poor announcing, followed by worse rendition of musical numbers, believe me the dials commence to rotate to find something more pleasing.

C. T. STIRRETT,
Deadwood, S. D.

CHANGE THE WAVE LENGTH

Dear Sir: Change your wave length. There are so many stations using wave lengths about the same number of meters that they conflict, not only on my little two-tube set, but on the larger ones. A station that sends out such good programs as WLIB deserves not to be drowned out by some station broadcasting: "How to lose a wrinkle a day."

JOHN T. ELFREY,
Cooks Falls, N. Y.

OPEN UP WITH A BANG!

Gentlemen: May I suggest a typical program for a radio concert? First, have an announcer who enunciates distinctly and does not follow a stereotyped formula. I believe you have one like that.

Open up with a bang! Say, with a "Liberty" march. Then something humorous, and we'll stick! Give us novelties and surprises, with dance music for the later hours. And if you must—you could broadcast a soprano solo on February 29.

F. ROGER CUNNINGHAM,
82 Bunker Hill St., Lancaster, N. H.

UNOBTRUSIVE PROGRAMS

Dear Sirs: My idea of an ideal program—how few things are actually ideal!

I would say that a program to be ideal should be unobtrusive. It should blend with one's thoughts; not demanding constant attention and immediate comprehension. Something, perhaps, to aid one in thinking over a day's work or in reading a good book. Such a program would be hard to prepare—it would be difficult to add variety to it.

FRANKLYN S. COLLINS,
8058 Kenwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PROGRAMS FOR CHILDREN

WLIB: My idea of an ideal program is somewhat different. We neglect and forget the children, the growing generation which will make the law and take up our duties after us.

Would it be possible to render a program given by children? Could you secure a children's band or have some youngsters give small readings, recitations, and songs? Would you please, at the opening of the program, give a short talk for the older people to recall to them their childhood days?

MRS. M. E. SCHRADERMEIER,
Dakota, Ill.

READ NO MESSAGES

Gentlemen: I listened in on your program last night and it was one of the loudest and best on the air. In regard to suggestions for broadcasting, my opinion is as follows:

1. Read no messages over the air.
2. Announce your station after every third number.
3. Have few, if any, soprano singers.
4. Have a mixed program.
5. Lectures are not popular.
6. Broadcast on Sunday afternoons.

P. J. WHITE,
Abbeville, La.

HUMOR, PATHOS, and APPEAL

Gentlemen: I am very much interested in your idea of having radio fans give their opinions of what a program should be. I think that all programs should contain three things: humor, pathos, and appeal. When a man has finished a hard day's work and sits down to enjoy the comforts of home, it is refreshing to hear some clean, wholesome fun over the air to clear away the unpleasant features of his day's toil.

There should be some pathetic feature to make one appreciate his blessings.

There should be an appealing feature in the program that will urge one on to the accomplishment of better and nobler things in his daily life.

W. T. JEWELL,
814 N. Market St., Marion, Ill.

Write Today to Radio Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Melodies *and* Memories

The Story of a Golden Voice and a Glorious Past

By MELBA

NINTH INSTALLMENT

© Mentor Ass'n

Camille Saint-Saens, famous composer, of whose eccentric behavior Melba tells herewith.

Talma Photo

Melba, with her father and her niece, as she appeared during her Australian visit in 1902.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

IN the preceding installments of her memoirs Madame Melba, after telling of her girlhood and unhappy marriage in Australia, told how difficult she found it to get a good teacher; how she finally found Madame Marchesi in Paris; how she made her debut in Brussels, and how she traveled through Europe and America. She also told of meeting the Kaiser and of his insulting reception of her; of her audience with Franz Josef, emperor of Austria, and of her visit to Ireland in 1900.

IT WAS at Monte Carlo in the opera season of February, 1902, that I first began my artistic association with Caruso, a partnership which was never clouded for an instant, and of which I have the happiest memories.

I had already sung with Caruso in London, but I had never really known him as a man, never really understood what a simple, lovable creature he was.

It may be a surprise to those who have thought of Caruso merely as the fierce, temperamental artist to learn that he was full of practical jokes, and that his bubbling sense of humor was so irrepressible that he would make fun even in the middle of the most poignant of scenes, such as the last act in La Boheme, where *Mimi* is dying on the bed.

Never shall I forget one night at Monte Carlo, before an immense audience "thick" with grand dukes and princesses and marchesas, how I was suddenly startled in the middle of the death scene by a strange squeaking noise which seemed to come from Caruso as he bent over me.

Santos Dumont, the airship pioneer, whom Melba met at Monte Carlo.

I went on singing, but I could not help wondering at the time if Caruso was ill, for his face was drawn and solemn, and every time he bent down there was this same extraordinary noise of squeaking.

And then with a gulp which almost made me forget my part I realized that he had a little rubber toy in his hand, which at the most pathetic phrases he was pressing in my ear. You know how difficult it is to keep from laughing when you are supposed to be solemn; but when you are supposed to be dying the temptation is almost too much to be borne. And I had a good many occasions when Caruso almost made me disgrace myself.

The *première* at Monte Carlo, which took place in February, 1902, when we gave La Boheme, was a great success, and Caruso absolutely captivated Monte Carlo. As a voice — pure and simple — his was the most wonderful tenor I have ever heard. It rolled out like an organ. It had a magnificent ease and a truly golden richness. But though his singing was spontaneous and natural, I do not think that in those days he was so fine an artist as later on, when perhaps his voice was not so wonderful. It makes me sad to think that the culmination of his art should not have coincided with the greatest years of his voice.

Santos Dumont, the great airship pioneer, was one of the most vivid figures at Monte Carlo just then. He was a tiny little man who always seemed to me to be walking on tiptoe, as if at any moment he might fly away into the air like a bird.

One glorious day when the sky was blue and the wind was soft I met Santos Dumont as I was setting out for Cape Martin, and I said to him, in a moment of impulse:

"Why don't you come over and meet me in your airship?"

I fully expected him to say no, but he said he would certainly come over.

Well, I waited and waited, until I could wait no longer. Still there were no signs of Santos Dumont, so I had to set off for home, on earth and not in the sky. However, when I arrived at the Bay of Monaco, I was vividly reminded of Santos Dumont's promise, for there, in the middle of the water, I saw what I took to be a huge tent, with a little man struggling

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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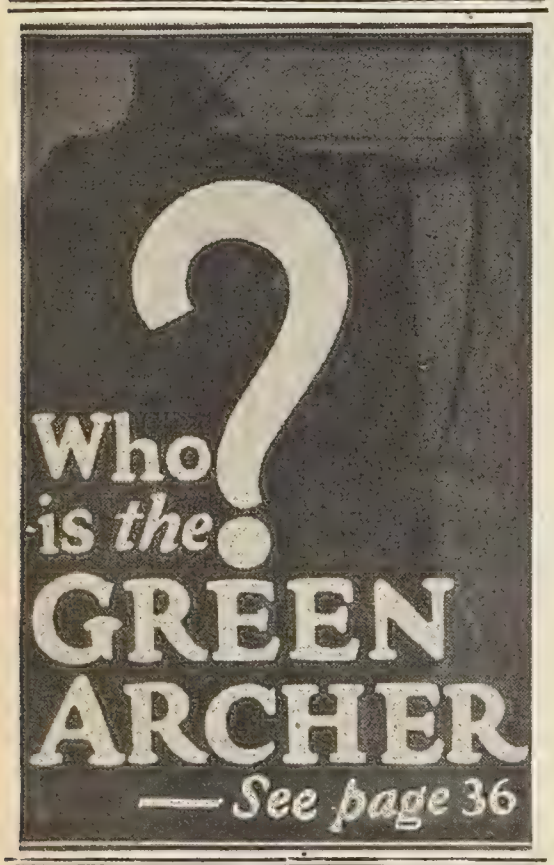

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[MELBA'S MEMOIRS Continued from Page Fifty-five]

in it. This was Santos Dumont.

But he was not in the least depressed when I saw him a few hours later at the hotel, for he had saved his engine, and was only waiting for an opportunity to try again.

When I write of Monte Carlo, as it used to be, a flash of color seems to swim before my eyes, an echo of distant music, a scent of orange blossoms—all mixed in a wonderful kaleidoscope, and tinged with a glory, a brilliance, which, alas, has departed. The orange blossom is still there, the ball still rolls at the Casino, but the Monte Carlo of today is only a poor relation of the wonder city that was.

What a gallery of portraits, some grave, some sad, come back to me as I write of those days! One of the most striking was that of Sir Arthur Sullivan, who adored gambling almost as much as he adored writing those sparkling tunes which seem destined to take a permanent place in English light music.

He was, of course, an old man when I saw him, and, once seen, he was never forgotten. He used to bend over the table and stretch out a hand crammed full with gold pieces. His hand was so shaky that sometimes the coins fell on the wrong numbers. However, the croupier allowed him plenty of time while his trembling fingers pushed the coins into place.

I very soon noticed, after a little experience of the Casino, that it was usually the people with most money who gambled most carefully. William K. Vanderbilt, for example. He used always to put his money on one table, planting down the big gold plaques on an assortment of numbers, and then he would walk to another table and put money on exactly the same numbers there. And, win or lose, he was always smiling.

ANOTHER friend of mine, Anthony Drexel, or "Tony," as we all called him, was a methodical gambler in spite of his millions. I shall never forget being with him one day at the Casino when we had both lost heavily and neither of us had a franc in our pockets.

"I'll borrow some," said Tony, and so we started to seek some kind friend who would lend us money to burn. Not one did we find. They knew who I was; they knew who he was; but there seems to be a sort of superstition against lending money in Monte Carlo, and it was not till I discovered my old solicitor, Mr. W. F. Fladgate, that we were able to go on with our game.

I learned soon afterwards why people are not eager to lend money to players. One of the most prominent figures in Monte Carlo at this time was Baron Hirsch, and one night I had been playing heavily, with atrocious luck, and ran out of funds. I saw Baron Hirsch standing near by, and I went up to him and said:

"Baron Hirsch, I want to throw good money after bad, but I haven't got any. Will you lend me a thousand francs?"

Instead of at once diving into his pockets, as most of one's friends would have done, he frowned, hesitated, and only after a considerable display of reluctance, produced a thousand francs, which he handed to me.

I was rather surprised by this behavior from a usually courteous man. However, I thought no more about it, and the next day sent him a check for the amount I had borrowed, with my sincere thanks.

TWO days later a little package arrived at my hotel. I opened it and discovered a charming diamond brooch, accompanied by a letter from Baron Hirsch himself. In it he said:

DEAR MADAME MELBA: *You are the first woman who has ever paid me back money which she has borrowed. I am so touched that I have taken the liberty of buying you the inclosed little brooch, which I hope you will accept as a token of my admiration.*

I understood after that the superstition against lending money to stranded women, and I took care never to borrow again. It was not a superstition—it was hard common sense.

I often think that people who gamble without caring whether they win or lose come out best in the end.

I remember once, after I had been gambling and losing, looking at my watch, seeing that it was time for rehearsal, and hurrying to the doors of the theater, which adjoined the Casino.

For some reason or other the doorkeeper would not let me in. I was so annoyed that I said to him, "Very well, tell Mr. Gunsberg that, as you won't let me in, there won't be any rehearsal." And with that I went back to the tables. When, only a few minutes later, Mr. Gunsberg bustled in, full of apologies, I had won 20,000 francs.

For me the little gamblers were just as interesting as those who showered gold on a dozen numbers at once. However, it was thrilling to see, as I saw, a man like Effrusie, who broke the bank twice in one evening; but it was equally thrilling to see Christine Nilsson gambling modestly, for hers was so vivid a personality.

How well I remember her—a woman still beautiful, with steel-blue eyes, in a bonnet with big ribbons covering her ears. She would throw her money on the table in a haphazard sort of way, and one could never tell whether she won or lost. But I don't think either her winnings or her losings were very great, because she had

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Grandfather Was Wise!

Ever watch an old man indulge his appetite like a youngster who never heard of indigestion? Watch him when he is finished—perhaps he takes a Stuart's tablet, and that explains it! The gloomiest dyspeptic could be eating butterscotch pie, if he only used Stuart's tablets.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

known how hard money is to make.

To turn to musical matters. It was at this time that I created the opera Helene, by Saint-Saens, and, naturally, I saw a great deal of the composer, who had come down from Paris to supervise the final arrangement. Saint-Saens was one of the most amazingly youthful old men I have ever met, and, like most great men, was eccentric. One evening, when we were going out to a party together, I arranged to call for him at his house, and punctually at a quarter to eight I arrived in my carriage to bear him to our destination. Saint-Saens appeared a little grumpy at having to go, for he did not much care for parties, got into the carriage, folded his arms and relapsed into silence.

Suddenly he cried, "Stop! I must return at once!"

"What is it?" I said. "We can't go back now. We shall be late."

However, he insisted, so we went back; he entered the house again, and returned a few minutes later, putting a white object in his pocket as he got into the carriage.

"What had you forgotten?" I said.

"My toothbrush," he replied.

"Your what?"

Saint-Saens shrugged his shoulders.

"I have no key. I find, from long practice, that my toothbrush opens the door. So I always carry it with me."

And he produced the toothbrush from his pocket and patted it affectionately with his long, clever fingers.

Sixteen years had passed since I left Australia, and, though it may sound heartless, I had almost forgotten what my native land looked like. But now, at last, it seemed that I should be able to return.

AND now, as soon as I began to write about Australia, the very mention of the name made me long for the sight of the tall white gum trees, for the flash of yellow wattle in the bush, for the brilliant crystalline sunlight, for the great open spaces, and, above all, for the sight of my daddy.

On August 22, 1902, I sailed from Vancouver in the Miowera, aptly called The Weary Mary, due to arrive at Brisbane early on Sunday, September 14. Never shall I forget that voyage. Four times in the middle of the sweltering Pacific we broke down and lay heaving on the burning waters for hours.

This was before the days of wireless, and there was no means of letting my friends in Australia know that I was safe. Consequently I was to find on my arrival the most alarming rumors spread all over the country.

I should not have minded the delay and the discomfort had it not been for the fact that my father was an old man and I feared that the agitation which this delay must be causing him was not only agonizing but dangerous.

However, all thoughts of that nature were for the moment set aside when, three days later, we eventually sailed into Brisbane Harbor, for how different was my homecoming to my departure! Then I had been an unknown girl, setting out on a lonely and arduous adventure; now they put red carpets down for me, they sent their mayors and their corporations, their officials, their leaders of art and literature and society to meet me; they pelted me with flowers.

BUT all the time, in the midst of the shouting and the triumph, I was thinking of my daddy. He was due to meet me at Albury, some two hundred miles from Melbourne, and when the next morning I started for the South, and the train stopped at every wayside station for the mayors of the little townships to come out to pay me their respects, I felt that I could hardly wait to receive the bouquets they offered me, so anxious was I to get on.

The train was due to arrive at seven o'clock the next morning, and at five o'clock I was up and dressing, taking great pains to look my best in my prettiest frock and most becoming hat. Sixteen years is a long time, and when one has somebody whom one loves very much to meet at the end of the journey one wants to look one's best.

A quarter to seven, ten minutes to seven, five minutes to seven, and then, punctually at seven, Albury was sighted. I saw the distant waving of flags and heard the rousing cheer from the crowd which had gathered at the station.

The train stopped. I peered and looked around, but there was no daddy.

"Where is my father?" I said. "Why don't you take me to him?" And then they made a little gap in the crowd, and through it I saw a strange man dressed in black with a nurse at his side. Almost terrified, I walked toward him. "Do *you* know anything?" I said. "Where is he?"

And then, very quietly, the doctor (for he was a doctor) told me that my father was lying in a house near the station; that he had had a serious stroke the day before, which had been brought about by my delay, and that, though I might be allowed to see him, it was doubtful whether he would recognize me.

Dumbly, I looked around me at the crowd, which stood there hushed and expectant. All the triumph, all the glory, seemed to have vanished, to have turned to nothing, and I remember thinking bitterly, "What is the use of it all now? What did anything mat-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

They are good for *Digestion* as well as for *Indigestion*

WHEN indigestion bothers you, the cause, nine cases out of ten, is an overacid condition of your stomach.

And when you take bicarbonate of soda or preparations containing it, you overcome the acidity—but, unless you take exactly the right amount, your stomach is left with an alkaline residue. This retards normal digestion. For your stomach should be slightly acid during the process of digesting your food.

Gastrogen Tablets act differently

The minute you take Gastrogen Tablets, they go to work to neutralize excessive acidity. There they stop. Your process of digestion is not disturbed. Even if you eat a pound of them, they will not alkalize your stomach. When they have relieved your distress, they pass thru the system unchanged.

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42 Rector Street, New York City

Without charge or obligation on my part, send me your special introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

Name .....

Address .....

[MELBA'S MEMOIRS
Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

ter if the one person in the world whom I really loved could not share it all with me?"

I followed the doctor out of the station and the crowd disappeared. We walked across a field to a small house.

"He is here," said the doctor, "and you may see him; but you must not say a word."

Without a word I entered and was shown into a darkened room.

There, in a corner, was my daddy, lying in bed, very still. I knelt down by his bed and kissed his hand. And very slowly then, and with an air of infinite weariness, he opened his eyes; and as soon as he saw me the tired mouth twitched itself into a little smile.

What I said to him, how long I stayed there, I do not know; but I do remember that when I told him that nothing would make me leave him, that the express must go on without me, and that I was going to stay there in that little hut and nurse him, he did manage to shake his head, and from his lips there came the four words, repeated twice with infinite effort, "You must go on. You must go on. Do not disappoint."

Well, I went on. How I did it I do not know. They kept the express waiting for me for a whole hour, and when I got back to it I went straight to my carriage and I started to cry. But I went on. I kept my faith. And never have I had a task more difficult.

How I got through the triumphal procession through Melbourne I simply do not know, for my heart was full of my father and I do not remember that I really again took part in life until I received a telegram a little later saying that my visit seemed to have turned the tide, that he was rapidly regaining health and that soon he would be able to return to Melbourne.

I gave five concerts in Melbourne and four in Sydney. May I be forgiven for saying that from those nine concerts I netted the sum of twenty-one thousand pounds? I mention it because it was such a remarkable success in view of the drought which was then devastating Australia.

You in England and America can hardly realize the real horror of an Australian drought.

All along the line from Brisbane to Melbourne I had noticed out of my window the carcasses of sheep and cattle lying dead and rotting under the gum trees, whither they had crawled to eat the leaves. Everything was desolate with the desolation of the desert. Not a blade of grass.

And in spite of this they came, these country people, from the wilds of the bush, from outlying hamlets, sometimes traveling for several days in acute discomfort, just to hear me sing. It was as wonderful a tribute as any artist had ever had.

BUT my return to Australia was not by any means an unmitigated time of delight. After having known all the luxuries of Europe, I was soon to discover that this country of my birth had a great deal to learn about the things which go to make life comfortable.

I had my house in Toorak and my own staff of servants, and one day I decided to give a dinner party to a few old friends. I chose a Sunday, as it was the only free day I had, and on the day before the dinner I was informed by the housemaid that my cook would like to see me at once.

"Is it true that you intend giving a dinner on the Sabbath day?" she said to me.

I looked at her curiously. "Yes. Have you any objections?"

She folded her arms. "Objections! I should think I have objections. I am not going to cook for you on the Sabbath."

"And why?" I asked her.

"Because I won't. And I should like to give a week's notice."

"You needn't do that," I replied. "You can go now."

It was very easy to say those words, but I did not realize at the time how exceedingly difficult it would be to get anybody else. I sent messages high and low; I set all the registry offices working, but no cook was to be had. I might as well have asked for a white elephant.

And so, in despair, I went to my daddy and asked him if he would lend me his. He said of course he would. But even then I found that there were extraordinary difficulties in the way. For in order to get that cook I had to go in person to the head of the tramways in order that I might get her fiance changed from the tram line on which he was at present engaged to a tram line nearer to my house! But it was worth it, for she was an excellent cook.

Nobody in England or America has any idea of the intensity of the servant problem in the southern hemisphere.

In no country in the world is the hand so ready to give, the heart so ready to sympathize. But there are exceptions, and it is with some of those exceptions that I now find myself compelled to deal.

In the next installment, to appear next week, Madame Melba takes us from the wilds of Tasmania and a tribe of Maoris to the thrills of horse racing, a meeting with Queen Alexandra, a dinner with Cecil Rhodes and many other enviable experiences.

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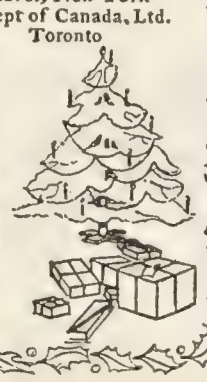

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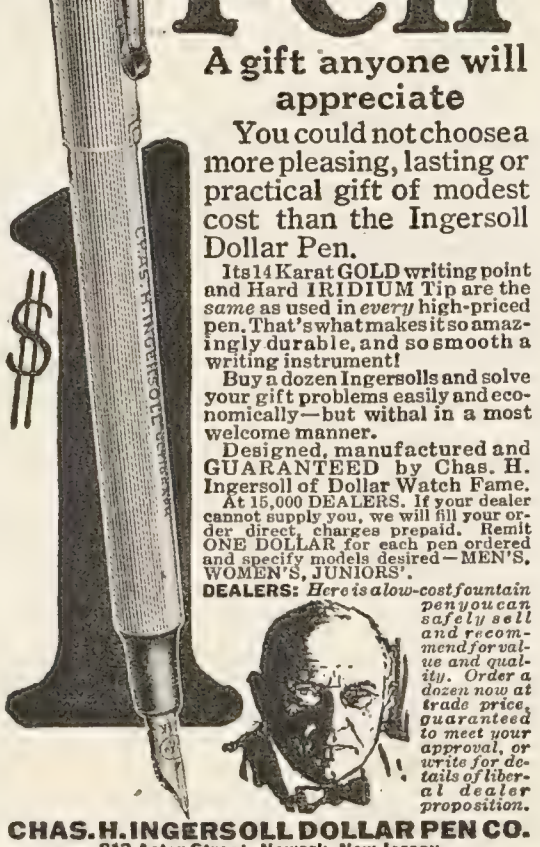

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with a powerful drug which leaves you with a worn-out feeling and ready for another headache.

Be careful. Take "the Balanced Prescription", a safe and effective combination of beneficial ingredients, the remedy that has stood the test of 35 years—

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No exhausting after-effects. You feel "wonderful" after Kohler-Antidote. Easy and pleasant to take.

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Your druggist recommends it.

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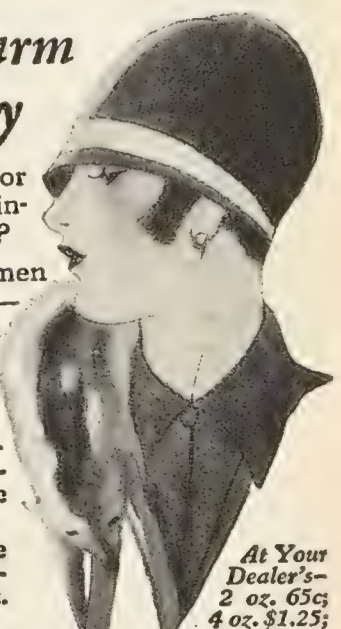
Do you long for charm and daintiness — *poise?*

Fastidious women have a secret — two centuries old — that assures personal daintiness throughout the entire day. Eau de Cologne—No. 4 is their *imperative* toilette necessity.

This rare toilette water is a personal deodorant.



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It *neutralizes*—but does not check natural perspiration. Eau de Cologne—No. 4 is a dainty addition to the bath; after the bath it is a final touch of finesse.

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GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF JUDGE GARY'S National Commission for the Suppression of Crime meets at the Waldorf-Astoria to study conditions. After Richard Washburn Child's opening address on "Safe Blowing Considered as a Social Error," Mrs. Ethel Roosevelt Derby read a paper on "Sherlock Holmes—the Man." Criminals are reported flying in droves from the country as a consequence.

FAMOUS POLISH PIANIST OUTDONE IN CONTEST with Solon. Ignace Jan Paderewski conducting the series of tests which led him to announce that he would never again play in public in the National Capital. To the deep disappointment of his large Washington following, Mr. Paderewski was obliged to confess himself unable to make the simple tones of a pianoforte heard above the daily hue and cry set up by Senator Borah.

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY Curtis D. Wilbur reads with astonishment of the movement in England to abolish submarines. Always in advance of the times, the American Navy Department, in conjunction with the War Department, has been for several years quietly, but actively, scrapping submarines, airplanes, destroyers, and other like engines of war.

THE LIBERIAN DEBT COMMISSION IN SESSION WITH SECRETARY MELLON reaches an agreement for the funding of the debt of Liberia to the United States on the terms of $6.40 now, and six bits a month for the next eighty-seven years, the bones to be rolled by the Presidents of the two republics for any part of the debt not taken care of at the end of that time.

A FIEND FOR PUNISHMENT: Sergt. Alvin York, the outstanding hero of the Great War, who made a practice of capturing Germans single-handed in batches of from forty upwards, has found congenial peacetime employment in the hill country of his native Tennessee. The Sergeant, a believer in the theory of evolution, is teaching school.

A SMILE, a BOW, and a CLOSE-UP

By QUINN MARTIN

OLD CLOTHES

Directed by Eddie Cline. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Written by Willard Mack

THE CAST:

Timothy Kelly.....*Jackie Coogan*
Max Ginsberg.....*Max Davidson*
Mrs. Burke.....*Lillian Burke*
Mary Riley.....*Joan Crawford*
Nathan Burke.....*Allan Forrest*
Dapper Dan.....*James Mason*
The Adjuster.....*Stanton Heck*

ABOUT the time the latest of the comedies starring the million-dollar kid is being seen generally for the first time, that young man will be spending his days high up in the Sierras where, once each year, he and his parents repair for a few weeks of hunting around his magnificently appointed mountain lodge. Thus at dinner time we may picture Master Jackie Coogan seated before his open log fire listening comfortably while his father reads to him the telegrams of felicitation and congratulation from the New York, Chicago, and San Francisco offices. A remarkable baby, this.

And it is likely there will be considerable in these reports to keep the home fires burning. *Old Clothes* will insure the Rolls-Royces in the Coogan garage against any serious lack of proper attention, oils, gasolines, and flowers for the cut-glass vases this winter. It will attract the children everywhere, and it will give added momentum to the already long line of ambitious and silly mothers who struggle day after day in their attempts to get their own little Willies into the movies. It is said that since Jackie first appeared (as the child in Charlie Chaplin's The Kid) no fewer than ten thousand children "far more talented than Jackie Coogan," have been trotted into the studios of the country by fond and misguided parents. And with each succeeding cinema starring this boy, the baby-carriage parade takes on a new and a still more vigorous determination.

Jackie Coogan

Old Clothes is, as drama in the films goes, pretty thin and patent stuff; it being, indeed, a sort of sequel to the sentimental and improbable The Rag Man, in which Jackie acted the part of a partner in a business association, the details of which he could not possibly have comprehended. In this *Old Clothes* he continues to pose knowingly (far too knowingly, alas!) before the camera in baggy, long trousers and sweater. And in the end he is shown to have been the moving spirit behind a sweet, soft love affair acted by a young woman who is extremely beautiful and a pretty bad actress.

Max Davidson

It has been said that the appeal of this young man in the cinema is far from what it once was. This may be true, and still I am only faithful in reporting that Ring Lardner's gossip about Jackie is unwarranted and unfair. Mr. Lardner has been insisting that Jackie, due to his (Jackie's) old age, has had his face lifted. There is not a particle of truth in it.

LIGHTS OF OLD BROADWAY

Directed by Monta Bell. Cosmopolitan Production
From the Play by Laurence Eyre

THE CAST:

Dirk de Rhondo.....*Conrad Nagel*
Lambert de Rhondo.....*Frank Currier*
Andy.....*George K. Arthur*
Shamus O'Tandy.....*Charles McHugh*
Anne / *Fely*.....*Marion Davies*
Mrs. O'Tandy.....*Eleanor Lawson*
Mrs. de Rhondo.....*Julia Swayne Gordon*
Baby Blue.....*Mathew Betz*

AND OTHERS

WITH a straight face I can wave the flags for this one. Good taste in mounting and directing, combined with a smart, brisk, and witty performance by its star, Miss Marion Davies, makes *Lights of Old Broadway* a picture play which even the most finicky may sit before and enjoy practically all the way. The fact of the matter is, Miss Davies' acting is so spontaneous and so refreshingly out of the ordinary, there is at no time the feeling that another beautiful lady is being set up in front of a motion-picture camera and photographed for the sake of exhibiting white teeth and sparkling eyes. Occasionally the movies find a player's real flair and proceed to make something out of it.

Conrad Nagel

Ever since Miss Davies' first appearance in Little Old New York I have had no doubt that there was within her the natural, if repressed, fountain of comedy which so seldom is allowed to rise to expression in the picture play. Only a few girls have it. Dorothy Gish is a young woman who snatches her best moments out of the air while the camera is grinding, and Constance Talmadge is inclined to do her better work while the director is not watching. Mary Pickford has ideas of her own which, now and again, she finds it possible to inject into her stories.

Marion Davies

The present yarn, made from a stage play which had scant luck on Broadway last year, shows the star acting two parts—that of one twin sister adopted into the aristocratic family of the De Rhondos of fashionable New York, and that of the other twin sister adopted into the brick-tossing Irish family of the O'Tandys, of the less fashionable New York.

Its time is something more than fifty years ago, and thus there are introduced various interesting characters of other days, including, for example, Tony Pastor of the old theater; Weber and Fields, the struggling young troupers who begged for an opportunity to exhibit their steps; and Theodore Roosevelt, the child, wandering among the book stalls of Fourteenth Street. In the end, the twin sisters meet face to face, and the more deserving of the two wins the affection of Conrad Nagel, who is one of the De Rhondos. I thought Miss Davies merely handsome as the rich sister, but gorgeously amusing as the tomboy.

THE CALGARY STAMPEDE

Directed by Herbert Blache. Universal Picture
Written by E. R. Schayer and Don Lee

THE CAST:

Dan Malloy.....*Hoot Gibson*
Marie La Farge.....*Virginia Brown Faire*
Jean La Farge.....*Clark Comstock*
Neenah.....*Ynez Seabury*
Fred Burgess.....*Jim Corey*
Harkness.....*W. J. McCulley*
Callahan.....*Philo McCullough*

A TRUE echo of the commonest of the dime novel output of twenty years ago has been caught in the films and set up as a thrilling Western, or Northwestern, by the boys in Universal City. In it, a simpering young cowpuncher named Hoot Gibson, who is said to be the easiest rider and the most self-confident of all the Hollywood horsemen, is starred. The story will be readily understood. Mr. Gibson is pictured as the "champion Roman rider of the United States who, roaming about Canada, falls in love with a rancher's daughter."

Virginia Brown Faire

Now, that kind of plot may be exciting enough, and still to me the large and disorderly herds of buffalo which come sweeping into the action from time to time are much the more dramatic. That there is a snorting villain who does a murder, pinning the guilt upon innocent Hoot, is fondly hoped by the producers to keep the audience's mouths open, and yet I can quite easily forget this bit of action in deference to the big stampede scenes later on, showing wild animals with shaggy feet rushing forward, green eyed, for purposes of enveloping the hero and the Royal Mounted Police as these latter stand arguing on the edge of a precipice. In fact, one of the most important things which I discovered in the picture was the fact that a herd of buffalo, on the run, does not trot, but gallops. On this revelation I pondered for ever so long, and thought from time to time of writing a letter home about it.

Mr. Hoot Gibson does ride magnificently. Not alone this. His graceful, rhythmic glide as he slips into the saddle is something a little notable. One other thing about him is worth remembering. He at no time kisses his pony nor feeds it sugar lumps. Not once in all the opportunities presented does he encircle the horsie's neck with his woolen-shirted arm and whisper into the little beast's ear:

"There, there, old pal. They may fill me with buckshot, but they'll lay a hand on you only over my dead body."

Hoot Gibson

In *The Calgary Stampede* Virginia Brown Faire, a good-looking, brown-eyed maiden, who appears to be a girl who might know better, stands about the ranch houses and corrals in skirts, stockings, shoes, and all the other equipment which the modern girl usually affects, and appears to have nothing on her mind more startling in nature than the deep-seated desire to get back to her home in Hollywood where she may forget it all.

Beautiful Blondes and Brunettes

By
RICHARD HALLIDAY

SHE is beautiful, isn't she? It's Fay Lamphier, chosen as the American Venus at the Atlantic City Beauty Contest. She is playing in The American Venus. Edward Thayer Monroe Photo

PATSY RUTH MILLER is still so young we can expect a lot from her in the future. She already has a large following. Red Hot Tires is one of her recent comedies. C. Heichton Monroe Photo

ANOTHER discovery of D. W. Griffith's, Betty Jewel, started in the Orphans of the Storm and more recently played in the all-star cast of Invisible Wounds. Oxford Studio Photo

DOROTHY CUMMING has only quite recently come to the front. She was seen in a principal role in The Coast of Folly with Gloria Swanson, and is now appearing as the queen in A Kiss for Cinderella. Oxford Studio Photo

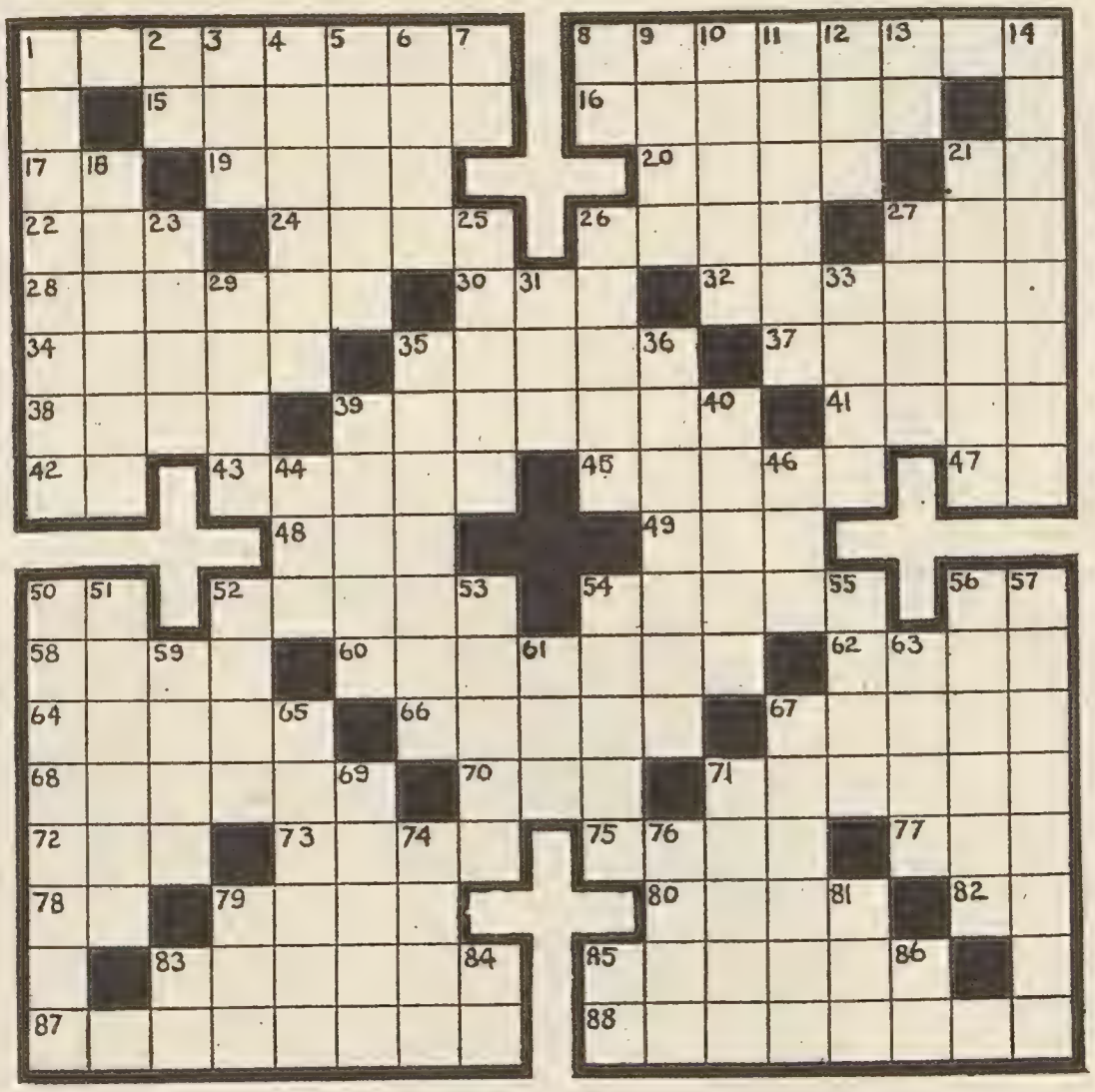
TEXAS gave the movies Corinne Griffith, but more recently Dorothy Seastrom of the Lone Star State signed a five-year contract with First National. Her first appearance is in We Moderns. Henry Freulich Photo

IRENE RICH gave up a trip abroad. But no wonder! She's to play in Lady Windermere's Fan, which is being directed by Ernest Lubitsch. The haircut in this photograph is her own design and the very latest. Oxford Studio Photo

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 47

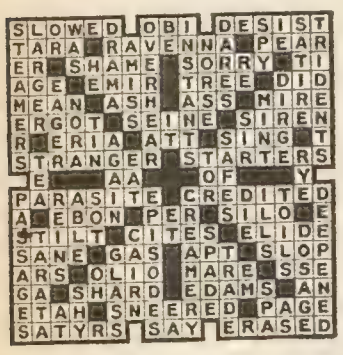
THE Visigothic gentleman whom you will find mentioned in the definition for Fifteen Horizontal is none other than Alaric, conqueror of Rome. Three times he marched into Italy for the purpose of harassing Rome. The first and second times a wise Roman Senate paid him off before he did very much damage, but in 410 A. D. he made a third and a very complete sack of The Eternal City.

Draw your own comparisons between Alaric's attempts to sack Rome and your attempts to overwhelm this puzzle. We hesitate to say which feat is harder, but personally we think this cross-word puzzle has as many impregnable spots as any city wall. Try it and see.



HORIZONTAL

1 Visionaries
8 Civil or military officer in China
15 King of the Visigoths
16 A furrow or channel
17 Manuscript (abbr.)
19 An entrance or passage
20 Cardinal number
21 Act
22 Pronoun
24 To be of opinion
26 Feminine proper name
27 To partake of a meal
28 A city in Italy
30 Bustle
32 Fairylike
34 With full force
35 A utensil for straining
37 Not clean or pure
38 To exert activity or influence in a particular direction
39 Flags
41 Measure of length (plural)
42 A measure of type
43 Sites or points
45 To excite to activity
47 Prefix with the sense of down
48 A river in Switzerland
49 A small cube used in gaming
50 The Keystone State (abbr.)
52 To adorn with dress
54 Alcoholic beverages made from fruit
56 A Japanese measure of length
58 Member of a Semitic race
60 Digging with a spade
62 Word of solemn ratification
64 Prongs
66 Oscillated
67 Select
68 More fiery
70 Any long and slender support of an object
71 The aggregate of property left by one deceased
72 A point of the compass
73 Domestic animals
75 To exchange (colloq.)
77 Rocky promontory
78 Toward
79 Letter of the Greek alphabet
80 A melody
82 Section of Great Britain's armed forces (initials)
83 Metal disks usually of a commemorative nature
85 Scoffs
87 Belief; credit
88 Blushed



Answer to Puzzle No. 46

VERTICAL

1 To have controlling power over
2 A Babylonian deity
3 A wing or winglike part
4 To excite violently with passion
5 Members of an Iroquoian tribe of American Indians
6 Ceremony
7 The Palmetto State (abbr.)
8 Chemical abbreviation of magnesium
9 A river in Italy
10 A sound of any sort
11 A masculine proper name
12 Hail
13 Syllable applied to a note of the scale
14 A beginner in anything
18 An organ of a flower
21 Freed from dust
23 To measure by the hand with fingers and thumb extended
25 Conduits
26 Wanderer
27 Father
29 Covers
31 Lair
33 A small, shrill musical instrument
35 Governor of a province in ancient Persia (plural)
36 Destroying by slow disintegration
39 Wild hogs
40 Wooing
44 Nominal value
46 Comprehend
50 Affecting the tender emotions
51 In music: in the smooth melodious style of an air
52 Incite
53 Light sailing vessels
54 Part of an airplane (plural)
55 Brine
56 Parson
57 Confined to one locality
59 Stake in the game of poker
61 Fitting
63 A variety of food
65 Withdraw
67 Discovered, as at a distance
69 Kind of cane from the stem of a palm
71 Provided with earlike appendages
74 Soft, soapy mineral
76 Diminish
79 Small plot of ground under cultivation
81 One hundred square meters
83 Pronoun
84 Japanese measure of area
85 The elder (abbr.)
86 Chemical abbreviation of tin

LIBERTY'S NUT-CRACKER CONTEST

$400 *a* WEEK *in* PRIZES

Our Newest Entertainment—Open to Everybody

LIBERTY this week prints four new Nut-Crackers. Limerick fans will find in them their old favorite with a cross-word puzzle complexion. For the benefit of those who haven't sent in one of the $100 coupons, be it explained that in each of the four lines of each Limerick a word has been left out that the reader must supply. The figure in each line represents a word of so many letters. For instance, the first line of Nut-Cracker No. 1 reads:

A woman who'd (3) on much weight,

The (3) means a word of three letters. The word "put" answers perfectly, so with the word inserted the line reads:

A woman who'd put on much weight,

We'll give you that much of a start, but you must complete the other lines the same way and, in addition, write a last line, making five lines in all. But remember also that your last line must rhyme with the first two, weight and skate. Just to recall a few of the words that will rhyme well, we'll mention date, late, pate, mate, accumulate, berate, freight, rate, demonstrate, state, etc. It shouldn't be difficult to write a good last line with that much help. Send in one or all of the coupons, as many as you wish. You have four chances of winning one of the $100 cash prizes. The winners will be announced on this page in an early issue.

And don't forget to send your coupons so that they reach us before midnight, December 26. Mail them to NUT-CRACKERS, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

HERE ARE THE RULES

EACH week Liberty will print the first four lines of four Limericks. In each of the four printed lines one word will be omitted. This word will be indicated by a figure in parenthesis, thus: (3) or (5) or some other figure. Contestants must supply a suitable word of the number of letters indicated by the figures in parenthesis. Example: (4) will mean that a word of four letters must be filled in. Any appropriate words may be used. Then write your own last line to complete the Nut-Cracker. For the best Limerick completed from each set of four lines printed $100 will be paid—or $400 weekly in all. The decision of the judges will be final, and no entries will be returned.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the entry you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. Neatness counts. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be paid. Limericks should be numbered either 1, 2, 3, or 4, when submitted on separate sheets of paper. Do not enter different Limericks on one sheet. You may, however, write the first four lines of any one Limerick on a sheet of paper and then add as many last lines thereto as you wish.

You may compete for one or more of the prizes each week.

Mail coupons to *Nut-Crackers*, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

$100 LIBERTY NUT-CRACKER COUPON No. 1

A woman who'd (3) on much weight,
In the early fall (4) for a skate,
As (3) sped she said, "Hubby,
I'll reduce—I'm (3) tubby,"

.....

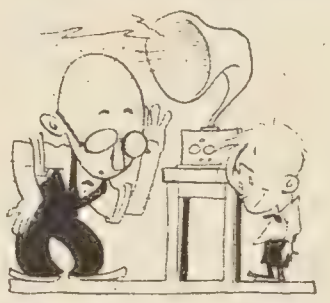
MY NAME IS.....

P. O. BOX OR STREET NO.....

CITY..... STATE.....

(December 19, 1925)

$100 LIBERTY NUT-CRACKER COUPON No. 2



The loud speaker seemed (3) of gear,
There wasn't a thing Pop (5) hear,
Then young Junior chimed (2)
(4) an ear-to-ear grin,

.....

MY NAME IS.....

P. O. BOX OR STREET NO.....

CITY..... STATE.....

(December 19, 1925)

$100 LIBERTY NUT-CRACKER COUPON No. 3

A June bride once (4) a fudge cake,
Which she put in the oven to (4),
Then (3) went off downtown
To try on a new (4),

.....

MY NAME IS.....

P. O. BOX OR STREET NO.....

CITY..... STATE.....

(December 19, 1925)

$100 LIBERTY NUT-CRACKER COUPON No. 4

A youth who was (4) overdressed,
His love (3) a girl once confessed,
He'd (2) faithful, he sighed.
(4) the damsel replied,

.....

MY NAME IS.....

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(December 19, 1925)

Smartly Placed Seams Enhance Season's Frocks

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

WHEN I have an engagement at one of the smart hotels and the party of the second part does not arrive on time, I am always glad. I can sit and watch the *chic* frocks in action. The other day I observed those very ones which I had seen in the process of construction in Paris, doing active service indeed.

Romantically as the French dressmakers try to stage their showings, in perfume laden air and rooms hung with exotic draperies, they have never produced anything quite so taut and so thrilling, almost like the setting of a drama, as the lobby of the Ritz-Carlton in New York.

It was the time when luncheon was just over and a big boat had evidently docked some two hours before. Clusters of hothouse roses, and even a full grown diminutive hothouse tree, were whisked to the elevator in the arms of white-trousered bellboys toward the rooms of incoming guests. Fruit baskets from which travelers had been picking the choice pieces all of the way across the ocean, and luggage smelling of the sea air, were stacked in the middle of the lobby. But dominating all were the presence of oh, such smart little hats, accompanied by no less ingratiating little dresses with the glamour of Paris about them.

TAILORED frock of English woolen mixture in a dull wine color. There is a narrow roll collar. The gillet is of white satin. There are slanting pockets across the sides of the front, and an inverted plait in the front-center of the skirt. A yoke goes across the back. By Jean Patou.

FROCK in printed velvet imitating lizard skin in gray, taupe, and yellow shades. The seam at the top of the overskirt, in tunic effect, is lifted to a Directoire point in the front. There are deep inverted plaits at the sides and the front of the overskirt. By Lucien Lelong.

Seams are almost the principal trimming of this season, and it was interesting to observe how many turns they took in this capacity. One of the most practical of all the seam-trimmed dresses is this one by Louise Boulanger (jumper, of course), where the long line goes like an attenuated jumping rope down the middle of the back and down the front as well.

Of all the fashionable fancies of the winter, just about the most popular is that of gathering heavy materials right where it is the most trying to the feminine form to have them most full and then holding them down by a tight, long blouse. The fashion will last very probably for a long time to come.

The dress here shown is in kasha and sometimes the model is made in coarser, less wieldy materials. It is the color of bois de rose, and stitched round the bottom of the blouse as well as the two tiers of the skirt are bands of a deeper rose, with seams turned over the edges of them.

Lelong is another master of the seam as trimming, or more accurately, as an important part of the very architecture of the dress, as is shown in the third illustration. Note how one seam ascends in a V-shaped line until it makes a Directoire point in the front, and goes horizontally across the back of the tunic. The dress is interesting for other reasons as well, and the principal of these is its material. We are accustomed to having everything under the sun being made up to imitate lizard skin—except velvet. This dress is in a lizard skin effect of velvet of taupe, gray, and yellow shadings.

In the second model, by Jean Patou, one can see how freely seams have been used as decoration. There is a pointed yoke at the back of the shoulders and there is a wide flaring front piece "set on" with an ostentatious display of seams. This is a tailored frock of English mixture, in dull wine color, with a narrow rolled collar and slanting pockets, of which the seams are features.

In Paris I saw the fourth model in the process of construction and then again in action in New York at a dinner party at the Ritz. It was especially becoming to the American lady who was inquiring conversationally of the hostess how she could lose ten pounds. In other words, it is the youthful dress for the slender woman, and can be worn almost irrespective of age, but not regardless of weight. It is very effective with its triangular, godeted lines of lace running down to the bottom of the skirt and again repeated (in more static form) across the top of the bodice. It is really a dancing frock of black mousseline de soie and black lace over a flesh-colored slip.

DRESS of bois de rose kasha with bands of a deeper tone stitched on between seams that are turned over on them. From Louise Boulanger.

DANCING FROCK, by Jean Patou, of black mousseline de soie and black Chantilly lace worn over a flesh-colored slip.

Charming Designs *for the* Home Dressmaker

By PATRICIA

FOR ANY PATTERN ON THIS PAGE SEND TEN CENTS

TO BE smartly attired, appropriately for the occasion, is the first consideration. Simplicity and the selection of the correct fabrics are also important. This season velvets and velveteens are conspicuously featured. They are seen in both tailored and formal expressions. Special importance is placed on the lavish use of fur trimmings.

Formality is introduced by means of a long black satin crepe tie and crepe collar in this charming slip-on frock of pencil blue velvet brocade, shown in design No. 2583. A flare is achieved by the two-piece circular flounce. Terra cotta crepe satin, shutter green charmeen, bright red crepe Elizabeth, or wood brown flat crepe may be used. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 44 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material with 3⅜ yards of ribbon.

Like many of the latest grown-up styles, this little dress is made with a circular skirt and long sleeves with turn-back cuffs, as seen in design No. 2593. The neckline is attractive. For classroom wear select tweed, kasha, flannel, English prints, or cotton broadcloth. For more formal occasions velveteen or crepe de Chine is cunning. Cuts in sizes 6 to 14 years. The 8-year size takes 2⅛ yards of 40-inch material with ¼ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

A stunning afternoon dress of dark green velvet, with silk crepe in the same shade used for trimming effect, is seen in design No. 2465. The crepe may be embroidered with silver thread. The buttons are made of velveteen. The skirt is circular, and the collar and cuffs are a fashion detail. Charmeen, flannel, satin crepe, crepe faille, crepe Elizabeth, or flat crepe is smart for its development. Cuts in sizes 14-16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3⅜ yards of 40-inch material with ½ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

Ideal button-down-the-front dress for junior girls, with convertible collar and wide suede belt, is expressed in design No. 2279. Novelty wool plaid in tan and dark blue, green jersey, checked flannel, velveteen, or smart checked gingham is serviceable for school hours. Cuts in sizes 6 to 14 years. The 8-year size takes 2⅛ yards of 36-inch material with ⅝ yard of 18-inch contrasting.

This straightline dress has the added advantage of suiting every type of miss and youthful woman. Design No. 2572 has a convertible collar and inverted side plaits, which give a slight flare to the hemline. Navy blue sheen twill, with tan crepe for contrasting, wine-colored velveteen with the same shade of moire silk for trimming effect, novelty faille damask, checked flannel, or diagonal cheviot is appropriate. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 44 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3⅝ yards of 36-inch material with 1⅜ yards of 9-inch contrasting material.

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Making a Success of Homemade Fudge

By ETHEL M. SOMERS

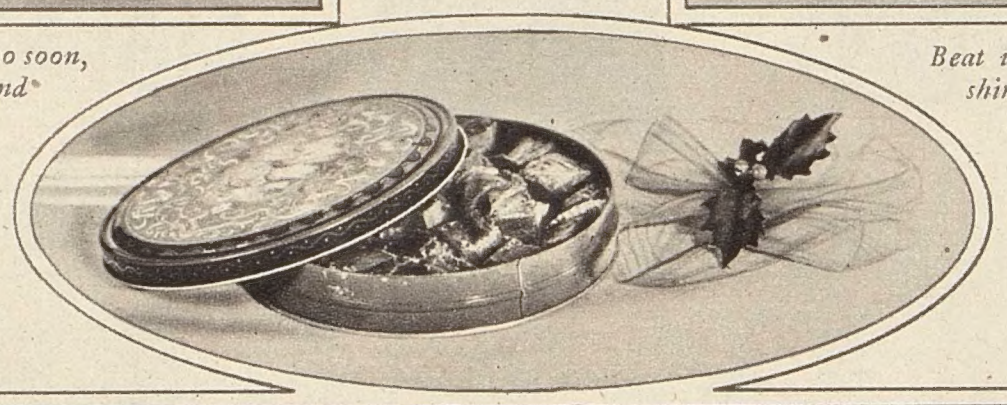
FUDGE is the most popular of all homemade candies; perhaps also the most variable. Even Noah Webster was not very sure of its characteristics when he described it as a "kind of soft candy." It seems that only the most experienced sugar cooks who start out on the fudge processes are exactly sure of their product, for they alone have made a study of the underlying principles. Sugar cookery when understood becomes simple and is highly interesting.

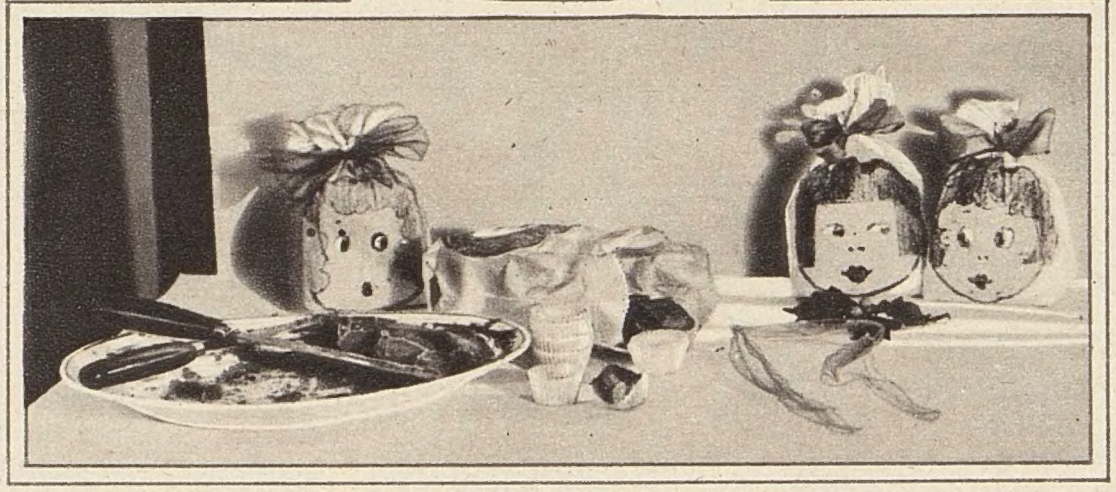
Granulated sugar, the basis of all fudge, is a complex sugar built up of several simple sugars. It crystallizes in small granules—some smaller than others. In making granulated sugar into successful fudge the problem is one of dissolving these gritty crystals completely in a liquid solution, then boiling out the milk or liquid and at the same time transforming the granulated sugar into an inverted or simple sugar that crystallizes on beating into a creamy, rather than a gritty, mass.

Pour fudge on platter too soon, rather than too late, and continue beating it with a stroking motion.

Wash down every crystal from the sides of the pan with a damp cloth wound on a fork.

Beat until the fudge loses its shine and begins to thicken; then spread it out evenly on the platter.





In the oval above: Fudge cut into squares and packed in wax papers. Directly above: Fudge in decorated bags, to perch on the filled Christmas stockings.

To do this successfully it is essential that every single sugar crystal is dissolved at the start—either before the candy is put on the fire or certainly before it starts to boil. Once the sugar is dissolved the solution must be cooked quickly with little or no stirring. If cooked too slowly the fudge becomes gummy and lifeless, whereas it should be crisp and brilliant.

The candy solution must be removed from the fire at the exact soft-ball stage—just how soft a soft ball is difficult to tell without a thermometer, though one can learn through experience to judge it accurately. If fudge is cooked too long it crystallizes into a crumbly, dull product; if it is not cooked long enough it does not crystallize sufficiently to harden.

Cooked fudge is a supersaturated sugar solution which if jarred, stirred, or even shaken will begin to precipitate flakes or crystals of sugar. It should be carefully cooled to room temperature or 70° F. before shaking or stirring. When so cooled the mixture is highly supersaturated and the excess sugar crystallizes at once on beating. As the beating or stirring continues more and more crystals settle out until the whole thickens into a creamy mass. If beaten too long there will be too much building up and the crystals will be firmly cemented together—the resulting fudge being too hard. If beaten too little the fudge will not harden and the beating may be resumed at any time. Fudge that is beaten hot permits a prolonged building up of crystals, one on top of the other—resulting in large crystals and a grainy fudge.

A creamy fudge is so made that the coarse sugar is converted by boiling into a fine-grained sugar which crystallizes out into tiny crystals at once on beating, if cooled first. Such a creamy fudge, if packed in tightly covered tin boxes, will ripen on standing. The crystals on ripening become uniform in size and less tightly fitted or cemented together. The fudge therefore becomes more creamy. It is advisable to pack your gift fudge boxes from one to five days ahead of time that they may be that deliciously creamy, favorite type.

Vanilla Fudge

3 cups sugar
⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar or 1 teaspoon vinegar
1 cup milk
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 tablespoon butter

Chocolate Fudge

3 cups sugar
⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar or 1 teaspoon vinegar
1 cup milk
3 ounces chocolate, cut fine, or
4 tablespoons cocoa
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 tablespoon butter

Peanut Butter Fudge

3 cups sugar
⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar or
1 teaspoon vinegar
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons peanut butter
½ teaspoon vanilla

Nut Fudge

Add one-half cup of chopped nut meats to any of fudge recipes as the candy begins to stiffen on beating.

Marshmallow Fudge

Add one cup of chopped marshmallows to fudge as it begins to thicken.

Coconut Fudge

Add one-half cup of coconut to fudge as it begins to thicken.

Raisin Fudge

Dot top of fudge as soon as it is spread with puffed or steamed raisins.

Maple Fudge

3 cups maple sugar
⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar or
1 teaspoon vinegar
1 cup milk
1 tablespoon butter

Condensed Milk Fudge

3 cups sugar
⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar or
1 teaspoon vinegar
½ cup water
½ cup condensed milk
1 tablespoon butter
½ teaspoon vanilla

Maple Nut Fudge

2 cups sugar
1 cup maple sirup
½ cup cream
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter
1 cup nut meats, chopped

Orange Fudge

Grated rind of 1 orange
3 cups sugar
1 cup milk
1½ tablespoons orange juice
2 tablespoons butter
½ cup chopped, candied orange peel

MIX the sugar, cream of tartar or vinegar (to make it easier to obtain a creamy product—it is not essential), chocolate, if used, and liquids. Stir until the sugar is dissolved. Put on fire and make sure every crystal of sugar is washed down and dissolved. Do not stir after it starts to boil except, perhaps, an occasional gentle passing of the spoon across the bottom of the pan to prevent settling and burning. Cover for first five minutes of boiling to steam off any undissolved sugar crystals. Boil rapidly to soft-ball stage (238° F.), at which stage a few drops of the candy dropped into *cold* water can be shaped into a ball just firm enough to be easily picked up and shaped. Remove from fire. Drop in the butter or peanut butter; *do not stir in.* When mixture has cooled to room temperature (70° F.) add the flavoring and beat until the candy begins to crystallize. Add the nuts, marshmallows, orange peel, raisins, or other additional ingredient given in the recipe. Beat until the candy turns lighter in color, loses its shine, and thickens. Pour it out on a buttered platter to cool.

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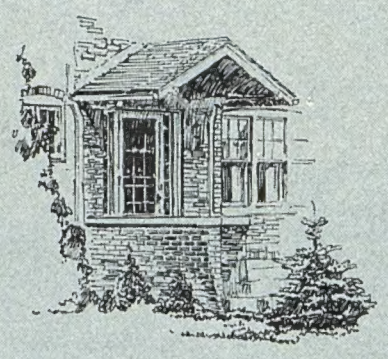

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